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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

The Sense of Sin in Hawthorne's Fiction
~~HAWTHORNE'S SENSE OF SIN~~

Submitted by

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A.A. Oxford University 1895--A. B. Catholic University 1921

In partial fulfilment of requirements for

the degree of Master of Arts

1929

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HAWTHORNE'S SENSE OF SIN

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FOREWORD

Needless to say that the present Thesis does not pretend to be an exhaustive study of all of the works of Hawthorne; but merely an analysis of a relatively few of his short stories, and of his four most important novels. Only nineteen of the seventy-nine stories deal with supernatural themes.

As a basis for discussion, the writer has taken two short stories from each of Hawthorne's most important collections of short stories, "Twice-Told Tales", "Mosses from an Old Manse", and "The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales." In the choice of the types of his short stories scarcely any two persons would agree. If the stories chosen, therefore, are not the most striking, and generally interesting, of Hawthorne's tales, they are, to the writer's mind, decidedly characteristic of Hawthorne's never-ceasing tendency to moralize through a delicate medium of allegory, the sense of evil at the heart of life-----sin and its way with the soul

The manner in which Hawthorne worked out the problem of the socialistic experiment of Brook Farm in

"The Blithedale Romance" revealed his own judgment on the moral type brought so variously and persistently under his observation by the wave of reform that was so strongly characteristic of his time.

In "The Scarlet Letter" we see the penance of conscience that follows acted sin, like an inward vengeance slowly spreading outward on the face of things.

In "The House of the Seven Gables" we find the working out of an ancient curse on the children to the third and fourth generation.

And in "The Marble Faun", we behold the transformation wrought in the innocent by the knowledge of good and evil, so that it seems the very birth of the soul itself---such, it seems, were the topics that finally evolved the full force of Hawthorne's genius and the perfection of his art.

The 11th of December, 1941, was a day of great importance in the history of the United States. It was the day when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, and the United States entered the war against Japan.

In the morning, the Japanese fleet, under the command of Admiral Yamamoto, sailed from their base in the Philippines. They were carrying a large number of aircraft, and they were determined to surprise the United States Navy at Pearl Harbor.

At 7:55 a.m., the Japanese aircraft began their attack on Pearl Harbor. They dropped bombs and torpedoes on the ships in the harbor, and they killed many sailors and airmen. The attack was a complete surprise, and the United States was not prepared for it.

I

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

- 1804 July 4- Born at Salem, Mass
- 1808 Death of father at sea, in Surinma; Family went
to live with maternal grandfather, Richard Manning
- 1813-18 Lived with mother and two sisters near Raymond,
Maine
- 1818 At school in Salem
- 1820 Return of family to Salem
- 1821-25 At Bowdoin College- with Longfellow, Franklin Pierce
and Horatio Bridge.
- 1828 Published-anonymously- "Fanshaw, a Tale"
- 1828-36 Lived quietly in Salem, writing for annuals and
magazines, and preparing the way for the fame to
come later
- 1836 March-August-- Edited the last six numbers of the
second bolume of the "American Magazine of Useful
Knowledge"
- 1837 Published: "Twice-Told Tales" July- The book
was appreciatively viewed by Longfellow in
the "North American Review"
- 1839 Became engaged to Miss Sophia Peabody
Appointed weigher and gauger in the Boston
Custom-House under George Bancroft

- 1841 Lived at Brook Farm, West Roxbury
Published: "Grandfather's Chair"- "Famous Old People"
"Liberty Tree"
- 1842 July 9--Marriage to Sophia Peabody
August Settled in the "Old Manse" at Concord
Published: Second volume of "Twice-told Tales"
"Biographical Stories for Children"
- 1845 Edited the "Journal of an African Cruiser"; by
his friend Bridge.
- 1846- Published: "Mosses from an Old Manse."
Removed to Salem
March 23 Received appointment of surveyor in
the Custom-House of Salem
June 22 Birth of son Julian in Boston
- 1849 Lost office in Custom-House
July 31 Death of his mother in his house
- 1850 Published: "The Scarlet Letter"
Removed to Lenox, leaving Salem forever
- 1850-51 Wrote "The House of the Seven Gables"
- 1851 Published: "The House of the Seven Gables"
"True Stories from History" -- "Biography"
"The Snow Image" Other Tales
May 20 Birth of his second daughter, Rose
- 1851-52 Winter- Moved his family to West Newton while
looking for house to buy
- 1852 June Bought "The Wayside" in Concord and moved
into it

- Published: "The Blithedale Romance"
- "A Wonder-book for Children"
- September- Published: "A Life of Franklin Pierce"
- 1853 Published: "Tanglewood Tales"
- March- Nominated and confirmed American Consul
at Liverpool.
- July- Sailed for England
- 1854 Republished: "Mosses from an Old Manse"; revised
and enlarged
- 1855 Visited the "Lake Country"
- 1857 Resigned his office as Consul
- 1858 January 3 Left London with his family for
two years' tour on the Continent
- February-May lived in Rome
- Summer- Spent in and near Florence
- Began "The Marble Faun"
- 1858-59 Winter- Lived in Rome
- 1859 Spring Returned to England to write
- 1860 March Finished and published: "The Marble Faun"
- June Returned to America
- 1862 February Took trip to Washington and into Virginia
in track of the armies
- March- Returned to Concord
- 1863 Published "Our Old Home"
- 1864 May 14 Left Concord with Franklin Pierce for
tour in Northern New England.
- May 19- Nathaniel Hawthorne died at Plymouth,
New Hampshire

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- 1868 Passages from the American Note-books published
- 1870 Passages from the English Note-books published
- 1871 Passages from the French and Italian Note-books
published
- 1872 "Septimus Felton" published
- 1876 "The Doliver and "Fanshawe" published
- 1877 "Legends of New England" Legends of the Province
House" "Tales of the White Hills"
"A Virtuoso's Collection" and Other Tales, published
- 1883 "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" "Sketches and Studies"
Tales, Sketches and Other Papers, Complete Works
published

II

HAWTHORNE'S SENSE OF SIN

The Moral Element in Literature

To speak at all of moral values in literature may be regarded by some as rather questionable; on the ground that morality and the art of letters have little in common and that conscious attempts to make literature serve the cause of morality are generally failures or, at the best, half-successes, serving neither the one nor the other with completeness. Fiction would be considerably stronger and truer, according to Mr. Howells, if the novelist were allowed to treat freely the darker aspects of the favorite passion. In fact, says Mr. Howells, "The right to do this is already perfectly recognized and even approved by the fact that serious criticism recognizes as master-works the two great novels which above all others, have moved the world by their study of guilty love."

To appreciate Mr. Howells' point (for Mr. Howells is a realist equally suggestive of clarity and a sound-mind), we must first be careful to distinguish immorality from coarseness. The morality of a fiction-writer is not dependent on the decency of his expression. In fact, "the history of literature shows," says Clayton Hamilton,

THE GREAT HUMANITY

The Great Humanity in Literature

To speak of all of these things in literature may be regarded by some as rather general, but we know that literature and the art of letters have lived in common and that literature exists to make literature serve the cause of humanity and the betterment of the world, that literature, serving humanity, has and for the better will be recognized, that it will be recognized as such and that, according to Mr. Lowell, it is the greatest of all arts to treat freely the larger aspects of the human condition. In fact, says Mr. Lowell, "the right to do this is already partially recognized and even approved by the fact that certain critical passages are now - words like the great human which above all others, have moved the world by their study of public love."

To quote Mr. Lowell's point (Mr. Lowell is a certain equally suggestive of clarity and a sound mind), we must first be careful to distinguish between the two meanings. The word itself as a fiction-maker is not dependent on the degree of his expression. In fact, "the history of literature shows," says Clayton Hamilton,

"that authors frankly coarse, like Rabelais or Swift for instance, have rarely or never been immoral; and that the most immoral books have been written in the most delicate language. Swift and Rabelais are moral, because they tell the truth with sanity and vigor; we may object to certain passages in their writings on aesthetic, but not on ethical grounds-----

There is no such thing as an immoral subject for a novel: in the treatment of the subject, and only in the treatment, lies the basis for ethical judgment of the work." (A Manual of the Art of Fiction-pg. 18)

The only thing necessary, therefore, in order that a novel may be moral is that the author shall maintain throughout his work a healthy insight into the soundness or unsoundness of the relations between his characters. He must know when they are right and know when they are wrong, and must make clear to us the reasons for his judgment. He cannot be immoral unless he is untrue. To insist that virtue shall be outwardly triumphant at the end of a play or of a novel is to require the dramatist or the novelist to falsify. It is to introduce an element of unreality into fiction. It is to require the story-teller and the playmaker to prove a thesis that common-sense must reject.

The lessons of the finest art are those of life itself; they are not single but multiple. No two

spectators of the great masterpieces would agree on the special morals to be isolated; and yet none of them would deny that the masterpieces are profoundly moral because of their essential truth. Brander Mathews says,-- "Morality, a specific moral-- this is what the artist cannot deliberately put into his work without destroying its veracity. But morality is also what he cannot leave out if he has striven only to handle his subject sincerely. Hegel is right when he tells us that art has it moral--but the moral depends on him who draws it. The didactic drama and the novel-with-a-purpose are necessarily unartistic and unavoidably unsatisfactory." It is largely a matter of individual approach whether fiction shall inform and instruct or merely entertain the reader.

Mr. J. E. Spingarn tells us that "The poet's only moral duty, as a poet, is to be true to his art, and to express his vision of reality as well as he can. If the ideals enunciated by poets are not those which we admire most, we must blame not the poets but ourselves: in the world where morals count we have failed to give them the proper material out of which to rear a nobler edifice." (Criticism in America. pg. 35)

In the seventeenth century this truth, never hidden from the great masters, found classic statement in Dryden: "Delight", he said, "is the chief if not the

the only end of poesy," and by poesy he meant fiction in all its forms; "instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poetry only mistrusts as it delights." And in the nineteenth century we find Goethe declaring to Eckerman the doctrine which is now winning acceptance everywhere. "If there is a moral in the subject it will appear, and the poet has nothing to consider but the effective and artistic treatment of his subject; if he has as high a soul as Sophocles, his influence will always be moral, let him do what he will."

The notion however, that, for any purpose, or to accomplish any end or aim of true art--pleasure, the writer should find it necessary, or in the least degree helpful, to draggle his muse in the mire, is one utterly unsustained either by the healthy intuitions of mankind or by empirical reasoning. The alleged necessity of 'realism', which masquerading under the clean name of 'truth' drags into the light of day, the most offensive details of immorality and depicts the by and forbidden paths of infamy and vice, is the producer of as diseased a condition of the true art impulse as it is a subtle impeachment of our common humanity.

"There are, however," says Mr. Winchester, "some morbid mental conditions for which emotions that to a normal temperament would be distasteful, seem to have a kind of fascination. This craving for emotion that a

healthy taste would find painful or disgusting--a craving that finds a parallel in certain disordered physical appetites may proceed; sometimes from sensibilities jaded and overstimulated by excess; sometimes from a cheerless philosophy and a dreary, pessimistic view of the facts of life. But-whatever its cause and wherever it is found; whether in the individual or in society, it is always a symptom of disease; and the disposition to pander to it is a sure proof of literary decline. The last decades of the nineteenth century have given us considerable writing of this sort, especially in fiction. But no realistic vividness of imagination; no marvelous felicity of form; can ever make good literature out of pictures of essential vulgarity of soul, of nerveless self-abandonment to appetite or circumstance, of squalid suffering; aimless, ignoble, unredeemed. Such pictures can awaken in a healthy mind only feelings of contempt, or loathing or pain."

"Whenever literature becomes blind to the nature and results of sin, it is false to ultimate facts; and so offends not only against morality, but against art. Art demands truth; morality demands nothing more. It follows that a book is not immoral because it is full of pictures of sin; nor moral because it is crammed with saints." (Some principles of Literary Criticism pg. 111)

The books, however, which with due care and

comprehensiveness portrays human character and it issues will live and in proportion to their truths to fact, must surely illustrate some of those great principles of religious faith which are bound up in the constitution of man and the history to which he contributes. "It is not," says Ruskin, "by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness of the painter or writer is to be finally determined."

Nevertheless, this does not do away with the fact that, as Cardinal Newman says, "it is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless literature of sinful man." All literature is more or less marred fruitage because man is its subject, and man is a marred being. But the literary artist, who by insight and word-magic calls him up before us, in the speech-picture, must write or sing from the essential background of life, in which evil is an ugly accident, and only truth and goodness exist; he must truthfully deal with falsehood, and morally portray the immoral; he must not only give us the man in man, but also, the God in man; he must hold, as it were, the mirror up to the nature, but just as well must he voice the cry of the human unto the Divine. Then and only then does his masterpiece become a world possession. The passion for song, romance, and history will never die out; because more than anything else, is the human race interested in its own life-story.

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And it is an acknowledged fact that more convincingly than the ablest preacher, the writer of literature can show the inevitable working out of God's law in human life; as the law of retribution in a Macbeth, a House of Seven Gables a Romola. More effectively than the Sociologist can he make man understand and feel the social bond, the workings out of heredity and environment. He may call the passions into play only to control, purify and elevate them and he may even awake from still sleeping consciousness the vision of excellence, of beauty, and of pure love. As Howells says, "Morality penetrates all things, it is the soul of all things. Beauty may clothe it on, whether it is false morality and an evil soul, or whether it is true and a good soul. In the one case the beauty will corrupt, and in the other it will edify and in either case it will infallibly and inevitably have an ethical effect, now light, now grave, according as the thing is light or grave. ("Criticism & Fiction pg. 83)

"But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act." (Selected Essays and Letters---Sesame and Lilies--Of Queens' Gardens--Pg. 89)

Facts seen through the clouded lens of a human personality may easily assume the shape and colors of evil, and all book facts are seen through a double lens. For good or evil, then, the soul of the reader must bring with it the light that shall largely determine the effect.

and it is an acknowledged fact that more conscientiously
than the other branches, the workers of literature and science
the American working out of the law in human life.

At the law of restriction in a human, a human of law
called a human. More effectively than the biological and
in some way greater and less the world than, the working

out of heredity and environment. As we say, the heredity
and the law of heredity, heredity and environment and the law
even means that still existing environment in the midst of

environment, or heredity, one of two laws. As heredity says,
"Heredity says that all things, it is the work of all things.
Heredity says that all things, it is the work of all things and

in all things, it is the work of all things. In the
one case the law of heredity will work, and in the other it will
work in all things, it will work in all things and heredity

have an external effect, and heredity, the law, heredity
the thing is that it is the work of all things. In the
"But the law of heredity is the work of all things, it is the work of all things."

environment, it is the work of all things, it is the work of all things.
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upon it, it is the work of all things, it is the work of all things.
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Puritan Morality

"The Puritan took no shortsighted view of life as bounded by earth's horizon," says Mr. Long in his book "American Literature;" "he worked in time for eternity and settled the problems of this world by principles that should make him feel at home in heaven. The two greatest Puritan books are "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress"; and both are more deeply concerned with the future than with the present life" (Pg. 200). Indeed the heroic, high-minded, undismayed determination with which the Puritans pursued their ideal of civil and religious liberty to its realization is one of the grandest exhibitions of human virtue in all history. Transplanted into a soil unprepared for them, the pioneers, who had revolted from their original home, identified their foes without with their foes within, so that nature everywhere became the enemy and life itself sinful. To have been born at all was the first sin to these Puritans,---who suffered from the most dreadful of all human superstitions: expiation by sacrifice. To them repentance meant wearing sackcloth and ashes. But there is an old word not open to this confusion, the word resipiscence, which means, as repentance should be held to mean, change to a better frame of mind. This was neglected. The means were confused with the end, and thus they tortured themselves with a morbid fear of future doom,

"The Puritan theology taught", according to Mr. Page in his "Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (pg.94) "that we are not, and cannot be, saved by any goodness of our own, that of ourselves we are only evil-tainted with sin from birth; that we are the sorrowful victims of morbid inheritances, of the strange fatalities of constitutional depravity and that it is only through the imputation of another's righteousness that we can hope for salvation."

This is plainly Calvinistic doctrine which held that Adam, in the fall, merited eternal punishment for himself and all his posterity. But God, in His infinite mercy, was pleased to mitigate His justice. Through the mediation of Christ, certain human beings, chosen at God's pleasure might be relieved of the just penalty of sin, and received into everlasting salvation. Incessant study of the scriptures was considered the sole means by which any man could assure himself that his will was really exerting itself, through the mediatory power of Christ, in true harmony with the will of God. God's will be done on earth, then, the Puritans cried, honestly conceiving the divine will to demand the political dominance of God's elect. Thus was born the conceit, which was such a prominent trait in Puritan character, and which made him feel that he could mold the whole world after his own pattern. In his "Growth of the United States "

"The Protestant theology taught," according to Mr.

Page 13 in "Journal of Historical Theology" (1904)

"that we are not, and cannot be, saved by any promise

of our own, that of ourselves we are only evil-minded

with sin for a birth; that we are the necessary victims

of a world of darkness, of the eternal penalties of

original sin, depravity and that it is only through

the imputation of another's righteousness that we can

hope for salvation."

This is plainly Calvinistic doctrine which holds that

Adam, in the fall, merited eternal punishment for himself

and all his posterity. But God, in His infinite mercy,

was pleased to elect to His grace. Through the mediation

of Christ, of His human nature, which as God's pleasure

might be relieved of the law penalty of sin, and received

into everlasting salvation. Inherent penalty of the

penalty was commuted to the law of which any man

could exempt himself that his will was really exercising

freely, through the restorative power of Christ, in this

sanctifying with the will of God. God's will be done on earth,

then, the lawless tried, honestly consenting the living

will to demand the political existence of God's agent.

Thus was born the covenant, which was with a President

which is the living character, and which made him feel

that he could hold the table with after his own

pattern. In the "Growth of the United States"

Professor Harlow thus discourses upon the character of Puritanism:

"Even the children in Puritan families were sometimes impressed with an awful conviction of their own wickedness; and loaded down with the weight of their own sins. As John Bunyan described his own childhood; even at the age of nine or ten; "these things did so distress my soul--- that I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins." It is not surprising that, when the parents actually believed in the damnation of infants, the children should develop unhealthy, morbid notions of sins.

For these enthusiasts the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination had a peculiar charm; and the more imaginative among them found pleasure in depicting the tortures of the non-elect. Even as late as the days of Jonathan Edwards, a congregation of New England Puritans could take deep satisfaction in the famous sermon of that divine, which described the horrors of the unsaved soul: "O sinner! consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fires of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of God; whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell; you hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it and burn

Professor Herlihy then addressed upon the character of

Italian:

"Even the children in Italian families were accustomed

to receive with an equal composure of their own pleasure,

and looked down with the weight of their own eyes, in

John Brown described his own childhood, even as the son

of mine or you, "those things did no distance by any

fact I was often much more and afflicted in my kind

thereafter, yet could I not let go of him. It is not

surprising that, when the parents actually believed in the

harshness of animals, the children should develop naturally,

as a result of this.

For these circumstances the scientific position of

modernization has a peculiar charm, and the more imagin-

ative among them found pleasure in depicting the features

of the new world. There are but two days of tomorrow

therefore, a comparison of the English position could

take deep satisfaction in the future action of that divine

which described the features of the universe as: "O blessed!

consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great

turning of earth, a sign and portentous sign, that of the

times of wrath, that you are held over in the hands of God,

whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you,

as against many of the chosen in Israel; you have a

curse in hand, and the times of wrath with fasting

about it, and ready every moment to sweep it and burn

it asunder." (pgs. 41-42)

"Waldo Frank (in "Our America") views Puritanism as a sort of moral and mystic utilitarianism based on the repression of natural instincts. As a religious and a practical expansionist (the one is not to be separated from the other), the Puritan sacrificed moral growth to physical hegemony. To conquer the continent and intensify his energies he surrounded himself on all sides with restraints. Neurosis was the result; but the Puritan charged it to the account of the Prince of Darkness and the invincible powers. He wanted to reach salvation by a short cut and did not hesitate to do violence to human nature." (Michaud : American Novel Today, pg. 13)

But these unlovely characteristics brought out only one side of Puritanism. ---"If we have thought of the Puritans", says Mr. Long, "as stern, hard, unlovely men, we are surprised to find that they regarded charity as the first of all virtues." He then quotes from the "Magnalia" adding: "Such records, even in their fantastic setting, suggest two things: That the hearts of the old Puritans were like our own hearts; and that the author of the "Magnalia" had a very human side to his strange nature.(pg. 69)

"If Puritanism means, as many of our over-heated young people would have it mean", says Stuart Pratt Sherman, "fear of ecclesiastical and social censure,

slavish obedience to a rigorous moral code, a self-torturing conscience, harsh judgments of the frailties of one's fellows, morbid asceticism, insensibility and hostility to the beauties of nature and art, Hawthorne was as little of a Puritan as any man that ever lived. But if Puritanism in America means today what the lineal and spiritual descendants of the Puritans exemplified at their best in Emerson's New England--emancipation from ecclesiastical and social oppression, escape from the extortion of the senses, and the tyranny of things, a consciousness at least partly liberated from the impositions of space and time, freedom for self-dominion, a hopeful and exultant effort to enter into right and noble, and harmonious relations with the highest impulses of one's fellows, and a vision, a love, a pursuit of the beauty which has its basis in "the good and the true"---if Puritan means these things then Hawthorne was a Puritan".

("Americans" pg)

Michaud also pays a tribute to Puritanism. "As a collective and rational state of mind", he says, "Puritanism can be traced far back in American traditions and literature. Before indicting it, we must not fail to see its good points, and it had many. Far from being in itself adverse to all esthetics, as its American critics would have us believe, Puritanism was in the past a literary incentive of the first order. Its tragic conception of life is much more

artistic than the dull optimism of the masses. We are told that no art is possible without pessimism. Art in its essence is a challenge to life. The moral and religious system of Puritanism inspired the immortal epic of Milton. It gave its quaint flavor to Jonathan Edwards' sermons and to the "Magnalia" of Cotton Mather. The fantastic elements in Hawthorne and Poe are largely borrowed from the demonology of the Puritan divines. It favored the growth of mysticism and of the poetic faculties and it fed the sense of the supernatural which is today practically extinct in most churches. We owe to it, the sense of the Infinite in the humblest objects and amid the most trivial circumstances of our life; what Maeterlinck called, after Emerson, the sense of "the familiar sublime." And let us not forget those forms of inhibited irony which gave birth to American humor. (The American Novel Today- pg. 11)

"Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors," said Hawthorne; "and let each successive generation thank Him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

Thus we see that a compensation has been found in the final results of Puritanism; for the indomitable vigor and the inflexible fidelity of the Puritan made a virile contribution to the American character that is now a source of National pride.

Influence of Heredity

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy"; says Wordsworth and so it seems; for we begin life with an immense human inheritance. This vast capital which preceding generations have accumulated is not only invested for us but in us---our ancestors live in us. It is this unbroken companionship with all previous times which makes us in very truth "the heirs of all the ages." Life and the world are never entirely new to any man; he determines for himself his attitude toward them; and works out his own thought about them; but he does not bring a neutral mind to the task; he brings the mind which his race has furnished with a set of ideas, and upon which it has stamped certain strong tendencies. He may rebel against the ideas and institutions of his ancestors, as Hawthorne seems to do, but he always starts with them; even if he finally succeeds in rejecting them, he cannot succeed in throwing off entirely the subtle influence which they have exerted upon his nature.

"Heredity weighed heavily upon him" (Hawthorne) says Michaud. "There is no doubt that one must look into his genealogy for the secret of his obsessions. All his life Hawthorne was haunted by the idea of crime, by the thought of the Inquisition, by dungeons and tortures. Is not the crime which in his "Marble Faun", Donatello commits

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says Emerson.

and so it seems, for we begin life with an immense power
of observation. This vast capital which is our inheritance

is not accumulated in our early years but it is

our inheritance. It is not in this manner that we

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because of the averted glance of the unfortunate Miriam, an unconscious memory of that tragic duel suggested, we are told, by his friend Cilley, by an involuntary gesture of Hawthorne? Nor could he forget that one of his ancestors had been a witch burner. All that explains Hawthorne's complex, the vague sense of disquietude and the mental fear which charge the atmosphere of his novels." (The American Novel Today pg. 33)

Most assuredly heredity plays a very large part in the life and work of Hawthorne. He writes largely of the Puritans, from whom he was descended and whose moral quality he shares in large measure.

To many a Puritan the spectacle of life became less real than his thoughts, since his dream of the world was more fixed than the world itself. "He approached all experience, " says Erskine, "with a mental reservation, with the scientist's experimental mood, as though the moment might prove a touchstone of truth and falsehood, to lighten or leave darkened his soul. This subjective habit of Puritanism, almost to the exclusion of other aspects, is the secret of Hawthorne's character and writings." (Leading American Novelists pg. 180)

What could a sensitive and imaginative descendant of these Puritans do but play around the border of forbidden things, and seek satisfaction in the perpetual secret war between the human spirit and the iron fetters

which Puritanism placed upon it? Since the human spirit was held by the Puritans to be sinful, all the forces of life became forces of evil; and we watch in these novels one figure after another, in whom the spirit was not quenched, paying the penalty for its virility. The mysterious horror is intensified because the victims share the beliefs of their society, and are usually the first to approve the judgments passed upon them. These judgments, however, essential to the frame-work of the stories, often seem to us so monstrous that we instinctively cry for a rebellious spirit in whom the evil spell which controls the conscience of his neighbors have been broken, but we never find him.

"Strong traits of his rugged ancestors", he frankly acknowledges, "had intertwined themselves with his." To him as to them there is but one reality-Eternity. So close does it lie to his constant thought, that nothing more frequently occurs in his writings than questionings as to whether the real world is not more shadowy after all than the spiritual one. One of his characters in making this declaration is for the moment but voicing Hawthorne's own sentiment: "More and more I recognize that we dwell in a world of shadows; and for my part I hold it hardly worth the trouble to attempt a distinction between shadows in the mind and shadows out of it. If there be any difference, the former are rather the more substantial."

which had been placed upon it. It was the same again
and said by the Romans to be a thing, all the more
of this because of the evil; and we watch in these
again and there after another, it was the spirit was
not generally, being the penalty for the victim. The
victim however is sometimes because the victim there
the police of their society, and we usually the first
to approve the judgments passed upon them. These judgments,
however, are usually to the disadvantage of the victim;
often seem to us as necessary that we have actively
for a rebellious spirit in whom the evil spirit which dominates
the conscience of his neighbors have been broken, but we
never find it.
"The first of his words was," he said
and then, "and then I have been thinking of it, the
his as to then there is a new reality - actually, to
which once it is to his constant thought, that nothing
more is necessary because in his writings there is a great deal
as to whether the real world in his mind is really after all
than the spiritual one. One of his characters in writing
his conclusion is the moment that he is writing. He is
own sentence: "I have now and I recognize that we dwell in
a world of shadows; and for my part I hold it hardly
worth the trouble to attempt a distinction between shadows
in the light and shadows out of it. If there be any
distinction, the former are rather the more substantial."

Hawthorne is indeed the pure artist who reflects the moral sky of that old heaven under which he was born and under which he grew into his sombre manhood. "Heredity," says Professor Canby, "has seldom been more interestingly manifested than in the mind of Hawthorne. The single-mindedness of his Puritan ancestors, their deep concern with problems of grace, salvation, and of conscience, descended to him in full force, but in interesting transformation. Sin in its relations to salvation, questions of dogma, and the possibility of God's grace, no longer stir this liberal-minded Unitarian; problems of character, ethics, and the nature of the soul, have taken their place; but the habit of mind, the conscious introspectiveness of the Puritan, remains and becomes the prime characteristic of Hawthorne the man, the thinker, and the creative artist." (Canby's Short Story pg.40)

Influence of Environment

Hawthorne, whose artistic temperament would have been remarkable anywhere, chanced to be born in an old Yankee seaport, then just at its zenith but soon to be surpassed by a more prosperous neighbor. From Salem he visited those woods of Maine which were still so primeval as to recall the shadowy forests whose mystery confronted the immigrant Puritans. Then, just when Transcendentalism was most in the air, he lived for a

Bartholomew is called the first among the apostles the word says of him that he was chosen to be the first and under which he was given his apostolic mission. "Bartholomew," says Erasmus: "Bartholomew," then seldom seen were interesting manifested then in the life of Bartholomew. The right- at the foot of the mountain, their deep concern with problems of grace, religion, and of conscience, descended to him in full force, but in interesting transformation. This is the relation to religion, questions of honor, and the possibility of God's grace, no longer with this liberal-minded criticism; problem of character, ethics, and the nature of the soul, have taken their place; but the spirit of him, the constant investigation of the "Bartholomew" and became the prime characteristic of Bartholomew the man, the thinker, and the creative artist. (Bartholomew's Letters, 1910)

Influence of Bartholomew

Bartholomew, whose will it is to be permanent would have been remarkable anywhere, chosen to be first in an old English society, then first at the height and back to be surrounded by a new, vigorous neighbor. From then he visited these words of him which were still so relevant as a recall the shadowy future which was to come. The influence of Bartholomew, then, was seen in the transformation and was in the life, he lived for a

while in Boston; had a glimpse of Brook Farm; passed more than a year in the old Manse at Concord; and finally strayed among the hills of Berkshire. Until he set sail for England; however; he had never known any earthly region which had not been traditionally dominated by the spirit of the Puritans.

After his graduation; in 1825; Hawthorne returned to his home in Salem; and for several years led a life of phenomenal seclusion and toil. His habits were almost mechanical in their regularity. He studied in the morning; wrote in the afternoon; and wandered by the seashore in the evening. He sedulously shunned society; and "destiny itself"; he afterward wrote; "has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner."

Francis Thompson in his essay on "Health and Holiness" draws occasional parallelisms between the psychology of the Saints and the psychology of men of genius; parrallelisms; which seem particularly applicable to Hawthorne's peculiar genius. For; he says; that both Saint and Poet undergo a preparation for their work; and in both a notable feature of this preparation is a period of preliminary retirement. This retirement is a part of the mysterious law which directs all fruitful increase. "The lily; about to seed;" he says; "withdraws from the general gaze and lapses into the claustral bosom of the water. Spiritual incubation obeys the same unheard command; whether it be Coleridge

while in Boston, had a glimpse of Boston Park, passed over
from a point in the old town of Boston, and finally
stopped among the hills of Cambridge. There he met with
the English, however, he had never known any country
region which had not been previously discovered by
the spirit of the Puritan.

After his graduation, in 1822, Hawthorne returned
to his home in Salem, and for several years led a life
of domestic seclusion and toil. His habits were almost
monastic in their regularity. He studied in the morning,
wrote in the afternoon, and continued by the torch in
the evening. He absolutely refused society and dancing
itself. He afterwards wrote, "The Bible has been written in the
attempts to get to know it."

Thomas Thomas in his essay on "Health and Holiness"
has suggested a relationship between the psychology of
the Bible and the psychology of man of genius, generalism,
which seems particularly applicable to Hawthorne's peculiar
genius. For he says, "that both have not only undergone a
preparation for their work; and in both a certain feature
of this preparation is a feeling of religious retirement."
This retirement is a part of the spiritual law which
directs all spiritual progress. "The life, about to be,"
he says, "withdraws from the general gaze and passes
into the secret house of the water. Spiritual incubation
begins the long upward journey; whether it be Coleridge

in his cottage at Nether Stowey, or Ignatius in his cave at Manresa. In Poet as in Saint, this retirement is a process of pain and struggle. For it is nothing else than a gradual conformation to artistic law. He absorbs the law into himself; or rather he is himself absorbed into the law, moulded to it, until he becomes sensitively respondent to its faintest motion, as the spiritualized body to the soul."

Whether Hawthorne understood the value of retirement or not, he voluntarily shut himself up in a gray old house at Salem, and for twelve years lived in greater seclusion than Thoreau had ever known at Walden. He writes in his notebook: "If ever I have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all,---at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy."

Although Hawthorne shunned much that the world called existence he never did so with an utterly unwholesome idea nor with a lastingly hurtful result. On the contrary, this

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determination to read, think and write in solitude, was a large and true sanity, fortunate for the world of letters. In this atmosphere the author could study the workings of the soul and listen to the dictates of conscience and thus live in another and far different world from that in which those live who ignore the spiritual side of their nature. Life in its spiritual aspects approaches nearer to the ideal; but it also has meaning by reason of something beyond. With those who live such lives, says Cardinal Newman, "Every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral." (Idea of a University, pg. 133)

One result of this unnatural seclusion was that it gave Hawthorne a style and a subject. Brooding so much alone, he discovered certain laws and impulses of the human heart which he determined to use as the motive for his stories. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to suppose that, because he loved solitude, Hawthorne was withdrawn from life and its manifold interests. We are told, no man ever had a keener or a more watchfully anxious curiosity respecting all that concerns man, and all that is bound up in the possibilities of human nature. He himself says, "Though fond of society,

determination to read, think and write in solitude, was a
large and true reality, fortunate for the world of letters.

In this connection the author could study the workings
of the soul and listen to the eloquent of conscience and
then live in another and the different world from his
which those live who ignore the spiritual side of their
nature. Life in its spiritual aspect approaches nearer
to the ideal; but it also has something to reveal of some-
thing beyond. The things which live and move, say

Universal Nature, they even has a meaning; they have
their own rhythm of existence begins to them; they
are created of their own essence, and govern the present
of the future; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous,
materialistic and egoistic, is a world and as spiritual
being, with spirit and an object, and as a moral world, "living

of a Universal, p. 100.

The result of this spiritual revolution is that it
has become a style and a subject. It is no more
alone, he discovered within him and himself of the
human world which he discovered in him as the world
for his spirit. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to
suppose that, because he loved solitude, Emerson was
withdrawn from life and the world of events. He was
not, he was ever had a heart as a man who is
entirely outside, rejecting all that comes from, and
All that is born up in the possibilities of human
nature. He himself says, "Through land of beauty,

I was so constituted as to need occasional retirements, even in a life like that of Blithedale, which was itself characterized by remoteness from the world. Unless renewed by a yet further withdrawal towards the inner circle of self-communion, I lost the better part of my individuality. My thoughts became of little worth, and my sensibilities grew as arid as a tuft of moss (a thing whose life is in the shade, the rain, or the noontide dew); crumbling in the sunshine."

And again 'No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he live exclusively among reformers and progressive people, without periodically returning into the settled system of things, to correct himself by a new observation from the old standpoint.'

Soon after Pierce was made President, he appointed Hawthorne, his old school friend, United States Consul at Liverpool. Our author accordingly sailed for England in 1853.

We all know something of the prejudice and whimsical dislikes he brought to the old country with him; for he had made candid confession of all these in his works. But it is very pleasing to observe how gradually familiarity vanquishes him; how he gets to love what he had been inclined to despise, and has to acknowledge himself more happy and content on English ground than he had been for long. He found much room for observation and could not help admiring.

I was so surprised to find that the
even in a like case of necessity, which was likely
characterized by remoteness from the world. These persons
by a yet further withdrawal towards the limit of life of
self-enclosed, I feel the latter part of my investigation
up towards the end of life's work, and up towards
from us and as a full of more to bring them into the
the world, the rest, or the invisible part, something is
the invisible.

And again, the experience was all long towards his
experience of the life and death of the world, and
experience of the life, without possibility of returning into
the world of the world, to return himself to a
the experience from the old world.
And after this was made possible, the experience
experience, his old school friend, which was the
at Liverpool. The subject accordingly called for the
to 1913.

We all know something of the two, and which
which he brought to the old country with him; but he
and made some contribution to all those in his world, but
it is very pleasing to observe how gradually familiarity
was established with him; but he seems to have been in his own
to himself, and has to acknowledge with a very high and
content on English ground that he has been for long. He
and with some of the experience and with his help and

Hawthorne's seven years in England and Italy had, on the whole, been a period of prosperity, of warm and gratifying recognition, of varied and delightful literary encounter, in addition to the pleasure of sojourning among so many new and suggestive scenes. In "Our Old Home", which describes the impressions left upon him by his stay in England, Hawthorne gives, among many others, a fascinating description of the dark and stuffy coffee-rooms to be found in most of the old English inns. The description is doubly piquant to an Englishman because it is written by a stranger from abroad.

And again, in the same book, Hawthorne says, "Success makes an Englishman intolerable----- I shall never love England till she sues to us for help, and in the meantime, the fewer triumphs she obtains, the better for all parties. An Englishman in adversity is a very respectable character; he does not lose his dignity, but merely comes to a proper conception of himself."

The note-books are full of similar good things. The many trifles that they contain are said by Henry James to have been exercises in description, the description of simple things, because it is a great tax upon a writer's skill to make them interesting. This is a suggestive criticism, but Hawthorne had a native sense of language, a delicate touch peculiarly his own. He never learnt to write. Mr. Page, however, tells us that "Hawthorne in one place

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regrets the lack of a favorable atmosphere in which the fruits of his mind might have ripened to literary form; but yet he says of one of the most depressing periods of his life: 'I do think and feel and learn things that are worth knowing; and which I should not know unless I had learned them here, so that the present portion of my life shall not be quite left out of the sum of my real existence----- It is good for me, on many accounts, that my life had this passage in it.' (Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne, pg. 52) Hawthorne's debt to what seemed unfavorable circumstances is incalculable; his life in this regard is as good an illustration as could well be found of the strange law of spiritual compensation which plays grandly through all human life and of which he is himself, perhaps, the greatest literary exponent of later times.

III

HAWTHORNE'S WORKS

"Twice-Told Tales"

Hawthorne's faculty of discovering morals on which tales could be framed is prodigious. It rises to the distinction of a special capacity of the mind like the gift for languages. It is, as one may say, a by-product of the Puritan preoccupation. In one form or another, he perpetually broods over the nature of evil, the effect on the soul of error and misery and remorse and their mysterious relations to the highest forms of human heroism and to human progress. "He did not find sermons in stones"; Mr. Brownell says: "He had the sermons already; his task was to find the stones to fit them. And these his fancy furnished him with a fertility paralleling his use for them. But his interest in shaping these was concentrated on their illustrative and not on their real qualities. Instead of realizing vividly and presenting concretely the elements of his allegory, he contented himself with their plausibility as symbols." ("American Prose Masters" pg. 79)

Steeped through and through with a somewhat sombre moral seriousness, he gives the supreme place to moral and religious problems. Some of Hawthorne's Tales idealize the legends, histories, and superstitions of the first groups of New England

WATSON'S WORKS

"The Valley of the Kings"

Hawthorne's faculty of observing reveals on which tales could be formed is pre-eminence. It rises to the distinction of a special capacity of the mind like the gift for language. It is, as one may say, a by-product of the artistic preoccupation. In one form or another, he perpetually broods over the nature of evil, the effect on the soul of error and misery and remorse and their mysterious relations to the highest forms of human holiness and to human progress. "He did not find romance in stones," Mr. Brewster says: "He had the romance already; his task was to find the figures to fit them, and these his fancy furnished him with a fertility paralleling his own for them. But his interest in shaping these was concentrated on their illustrative and not on their real qualities. Instead of realizing vividly and presenting concretely the elements of his allegory, he contented himself with their plasticity as symbols." ("American Prose Masters" pp. 72)

Stepped through and through with a somewhat cosmic moral seriousness, he gives the supreme place to moral and religious problems. Some of Hawthorne's tales illustrate the legends, histories, and superstitions of the first groups of New England

settlers, and as such scarcely fall within the scope of our discussion. Other stories which he labels as moralities, parables, allegories, romances, are often set in a framework of psychological occultism and semi-scientific marvel. But through all his scenes the book of remembrance looms vaguely in view and a sense of judgment is ever in the air, self-judgment mysteriously forced upon the mind by a hand unseen. In fact Hawthorne tells us in one of his note books, that "at the last day-- when we see ourselves as we are--man's only inexorable judge will be himself, and the punishment of his sins will be the perception of them."

In one of the "Twice-Told Tales", "Fancy's Show Box", Hawthorne deals with the question, how far the mere thought of sin, the incipient desire to commit it, may injure the soul. He begins the story by soliliquizing on the theme: "What is Guilt?"; and answers: "A Stain upon the Soul. And it is a point of vast interest whether the soul may contract such stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have never had existence. Must the fleshly hand and visible frame of man set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner? Or, while none but crimes perpetrated are cognizable before an earthly tribunal, will guilty thoughts--of which guilty deeds are no more than the shadows--will these draw down the full weight of a condemning sentence, in the supreme court

collected, and as each category falls within the scope of
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judgment mysteriously forced upon the mind by a kind of
infectiousness which he in one of his more books, that
"at the first day-- when we see ourselves as we are--man's only
incurable disease will be himself, and the punishment of his
sins will be the recognition of them."
Is one of the "Tales-Told Tales", "Fanny's New Boy",
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point of vast interest whether the soul may contract such stains,
in all their depth and frequency, from deeds which may have
been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have
never had existence. What the guilty hand and visible
trace of guilt feel its need to the evil designs of the soul,
in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner
or, while none but crimes perpetrated are recognizable before
an earthly tribunal, will guilty thoughts--of which guilt
deeds are no more than the shadows--will thus draw down the
full weight of a condemning sentence, in the supreme court

of eternity? In the solitude of a midnight chamber or in a desert, afar from men or in a church, while the body is kneeling, the soul may pollute itself even with those crimes which we are accustomed to deem altogether carnal. If this be true, it is a fearful truth."

Hawthorne then proceeds to picture the reality of certain sinful impulses in a man's mind, which had never been carried out. The faculties of the soul are personified and contribute something to those buried conceptions which shine through Hawthorne's writings like so many red beacons warning against inward as well as outward sin. An old gentleman of irreproachable reputation is sitting musing over his glass of wine. Three figures enter the room, symbolizing respectively Fancy, Memory, Conscience, Memory and Conscience take their places on each side of the chair, while Fancy lays down a pile of pictures upon the table opposite, and sets to exhibit them after the fashion of an itinerant showman. A scene is put into the box and focused before his vision, in which he appears as breaking the heart of a cottage maiden. This is followed by a scene in which he aims a blow at the life of a bosom friend, and thus incurs an indelible bloodstain on his hand. Yet another scene rises before his view, in which he commences a lawsuit against three helpless orphans who are joint legatees with himself under a kinsman's will, and he is only stopped by the fact that he has not a shred

of legal argument on his side. At first he looks upon these representations as gratuitous falsehoods; but out of disjointed recollections Memory begins to reconstruct the past, and Conscience, on the other side, stimulates and spiritualizes his sense of right and wrong and completes conviction, until he can no longer evade the acknowledgment that there have been hidden delinquencies of motive and temper corresponding in all respects to these outward facts visualized to the eye. "One truly penitential tear," however, "would have washed away each hateful picture, and left the canvas white as snow."

"A scheme of guilt," he argues taking up the other side, "Till it be put in execution, greatly resembles a train of incidents in a projected tale----Thus a novel writer or a dramatist, creating a villain of romance and fitting him with evil deeds, and the villain of actual life, in projecting crimes that will be perpetrated, may almost meet each other half-way between reality and fancy. It is not until the crime is accomplished that guilt clinches its grip upon the guilty heart, and claims it for its own. Then, and not before, sin is actually felt and acknowledged, and if unaccompanied by repentance, grows a thousand times more virulent by its self-consciousness. Be it considered also, that men often overestimate their capacity for evil. At a distance, while its attendant circumstances do not press upon their notice, and its results are dimly seen, they can bear to contemplate it----

"In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature as a

of legal argument on his side. At first he looks upon these
representations as gratuitous insinuations; but out of dis-
jointed recollections Henry begins to reconstruct the past,
and sometimes, on the other side, stimulates and sustains
his sense of right and wrong and completes conviction,
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is actually felt and acknowledged, and is accompanied by
repentance, grows a thousand times more violent by its self-
condemnation. He is considered alive, that man often over-
estimate their capacity for evil. At a distance, while the
attendant circumstances do not press upon their notice, and
the results are dimly seen, they can best be contemplated in
"In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature as a

settled and full resolve, either for good or evil, therefore, that all the dreadful consequences of sin will not be incurred, unless the act have set its seal upon the thought.

"Yet,-----MAN MUST NOT DISCLAIM HIS BROTHERHOOD, EVEN WITH THE GUILTIEST, SINCE, THOUGH HIS HAND BE CLEAN, HIS HEART HAS SURELY BEEN POLLUTED BY THE FLITTING PHANTOMS OF INIQUITY." Thus, we understand Hawthorne to hold that purity of life should be allied with a humble charity and pure mindedness.

We are all, according to Hawthorne, debtors and creditors to each other and our accounts can never be exactly balanced. He will not hear of perfect people. Those who are accredited with the possession of uncommon goodness, he is apt to regard with suspicion, for his theory is: In all, there are inward touches of affinity with the base and guilty, and that title to heaven which grounds itself on spotless, lifelong righteousness is little better than a pretence. "Penitence must kneel, and Mercy come from the footstool of the throne, or that golden gate will never open!"

The subtlety of sin, the inwardness of penalty, the close partnership with itself into which the conscience brings the intellectual faculties, so that it may accomplish its appointed tasks of discipline and punishment, and the healing efficacy of a complete and unshrinking confession of the manifold diseases vexing human nature are the obvious lessons of this sketch.

...and full resolve, either for good or evil, therefore,
that all the blessed consequences of his will not be increased,
unless he has set his seal upon the thought.

"Yes,---but how distant his resolution, even with
the minutest, since, though his hand is clean, his heart has
scarcely even touched the melting influence of inquiry."

Thus, we understand Hawthorne to hold that purity of life
would be allied with a humble charity and a kindness.
He was all, according to Hawthorne, before and creation

to each other and our conduct can never be exactly balanced.
He will not hear of perfect people. Those who are associated
with the possession of human goodness, he is apt to regard
with suspicion, for his theory is: In all, there are inward
forces of activity with the heart and feeling, and that this
to heaven which grows itself on upward, thereby making
consciousness is little better than a pretence. "Faintly and
humbly, and more come from the fountain of the heart, or
that golden gate will never open!"

The ability of mind, the inwardness of feeling, the
close partnership with itself into which the consciousness
brings the intellectual faculties, so that it may accomplish
the appointed tasks of discipline and punishment, and the
feeling efficacy of a complete and satisfying communion of
the manifold diseases vexing human nature are the obvious
lessons of this sketch.

The Minister's Black Veil - Some of the ideas formulated in "Fancy's Show Box" find a pathetic and memorable expression in the narrative of "The Minister's Black Veil". The secrecy of men's bosoms, as we know, interested Hawthorne very much and we have a striking and powerful example of it in this sketch. The story is founded on the fact that an old Puritan clergyman had the misfortune in youth to kill accidentally a beloved friend. It must be remembered that conventional codes of dress and deportment mean little to thin populations of new settlements, especially when such settlements have been founded to assert the independence of the individual; and personal eccentricity naturally shows itself in strange forms. So it happened that a godly, intelligent clergyman in one of the New England Colonies suddenly appeared in his pulpit wearing a double fold of black crape over his face, much to the surprise and horror of his congregation. He had resolved to keep it there day and night to the close of his life, as a sign of the reservation with which men hide their faults from each other, as well as of the vain attempt to disguise, if that were possible, the worst that is in them from God Himself. No one dared to ask the meaning of this singular badge he had all at once adopted. It looked either a penance for some scandalous sin or an unwelcome omen of wrath. The lady who was to have become his bride could not persuade him to lift the distressful badge even for once, and bade him an irrevocable farewell. His life was full of gentleness, fidelity and godly zeal; yet the black veil made him an object of mingled terror and

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to the close of his life, as a sign of the reservation which
which men hide their hearts from each other, as well as of the
vain attempt to disguise, if that were possible, the worst
that is in them from God himself. He was bound to ask the
meaning of this singular badge he had all at once adopted.
It looked after a fashion for some considerable time as an in-
welcome mark of wrath. The lady who was to have become his
wife could not persuade him to lift the disastrous badge
even for once, and bade him an irreversible farewell. His
life was full of contentment, fidelity and godly zeal; yet
the black veil made him an object of mingled terror and

suspicion. When he was on his deathbed, a neighboring minister, who had come to pray by his side, exhorted him to make his confession, if the veil signified some sin into which he had fallen, and tried to draw aside the crape which had hidden his features for years. The dying minister roused himself from his languor, and with both hands clutched the veil, and kept it in its place. He was buried with the veil unlifted, as a witness that much which eternity will disclose cannot be revealed in this life to those who are nearest and dearest to us.

Hawthorne makes use of the veil also, Mr. Woodberry tells us, to typify that "while it visibly isolates the minister among his fellow-men, it finally unites him with them in a single lot; for to the mind's eye, educated by this image to a new power of seeing, all men wear this veil; humanity is clothed with it in life, and moulders away beneath it in the grave, whither its secrets are carried; the seeming exception is found to be the rule; the horror attaching to one unseen face is now felt in all faces; the race is veiled, and the bit of crape has fallen like the blackness of night upon all life; for life has become a thing of darkness, a concealment. Here the moral idea is predominant, and in it the symbol issues into its full life". (Nathaniel Hawthorne-pg.145)

Mosses from the Old Manse are intellectually and artistically much superior to the "Twice-Told Tales". The twenty-three stories and essays which make up the volumes are in Mr. Whipple's estimation almost perfect of their kind. Each is complete in

unhappy. When he was on his deathbed, a neighboring minister, who had come to pray by his side, exhorted him to make his confession, if the veil admitted none else into which he had fallen, and tried to draw aside the robe which had hidden his darkness for years. The dying minister tossed himself from his languor, and with both hands clasped the veil, and kept it in its place. He was buried with the veil unlifted, as a witness that such which eternally will darkness cannot be revealed in this life to those who are nearest and dearest to us. Hawthorne makes use of the veil also, Mr. Woodberry tells us, to typify that which is visibly hidden from the minister among his fellow-men, it literally veils him with whom in a simple fact; for to the mind's eye, suggested by this image to a new power of looking, all men are like veils; beneath is clothed with it in life, and nowhere away beneath it in the grave, whether its secrets are sought; the passing expression is found to be the tale; the horror attaching to one unseen face is new tale in all faces; the race is veiled, and the bit of orange and yellow like the thickness of night upon all life; for life has become a thing of darkness, a concealment. Here the novel idea is presented, and in it the symbol turned into the "Tall Tale". (Hawthorne-pg. 143)

Notes from the Old Manuscript are interestingly and artistically much superior to the "Tall Tale". The twenty-three stories and essays which make up the volume are in Mr. Whipple's estimation almost perfect of their kind. Each is complete in

itself, and many might be expanded into long romances by the simple method of developing the possibilities of their shadowy types of character into appropriate incidents. In Mr. Whipple's judgment, however: "The author throughout is evidently more interested in his large, wide, deep, indolently serene, and lazily sure and critical view of the conflict of ideas and passions, than he is with the individuals that embody them. He shows moral insight without moral earnestness. He cannot contract his mind to the patient delineation of a moral individual, but attempts to use individuals in order to express the last results of patient moral perception ----In the "Mosses from an Old Manse"; "we are really studying the phenomena of human nature, while, for the time, we beguile ourselves into the belief that we are following the fortunes of individual natures". (Character and Characteristic Men pg.226)

"Rappaccini's Daughter" is very characteristic of Hawthorne's genius although not so powerful, morally as "Roger Malvin's Burial". That which more than anything else, gives all the stories in "Mosses from an Old Manse" their weight, whether they are allegorical or not, is Hawthorne's insistence upon the two themes of fate and sin. How sin enters a life unawares, or how the mere sight of it contaminates, or, in the lighter sketches, how untruth in some form masquerades and gives impress to the lives it crosses.

In this story of Rappaccini's Daughter Hawthorne starts with a speculation whether a human being, gradually accustomed to poison, might not thrive upon it and whether in such a

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vidual, but attempts to use individuals in order to express
the last results of patient mental perception --- in the
"Mosaic from an Old Manuscript," we are really studying the
phenomena of human nature, while, for the time, we regard the
characters into the belief that we are following the fortunes
of individual natures. (Character and Characteristic, pp. 228)

"Hypocrite's laughter" is very characteristic of
Hawthorne's genius although not so powerful, nor so
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fuses, or, in the lighter sketches, how nature is some-
times overruled and gives license to the lives of crime.

In this story of "Hypocrite's Laughter" Hawthorne starts
with a speculation whether a human being, gradually accustomed
to poison, might not thrive upon it and whether in such a

case wholesome food would not prove fatal. The poison he is thinking of may be spiritual or intellectual. He is pondering on the possibility that good and evil may be interchanged; such an interchange of course would wreck the moral world. He recurs to the question in his novels. Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet Letter", sins, but sin results in a deepening and enriching of her soul. Donatello, in "The Marble Faun", kills a man, and the murder develops in him what he had not before-- a soul. Can evil come out of good? is the question that is continually cropping up. Hawthorne agrees with all of us that it ought not to, but he apparently was not sure that it did not. Still less was he sure that good could not result from evil.

Hawthorne has transcribed in his note-book from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" the account of the woman, fed on poisons, who had been sent to Alexander for the purpose of destroying him. The story is removed into that cold realm of thought in which Hawthorne allegories so often flourish, by the change of the motive from passion for revenge to mere scientific curiosity. Rappicini is so possessed with the passion for scientific research that his instincts of humanity are sacrificed to it. He cultivates in his garden all kinds of poisons, anticipating some of the secrets of cross-fertilization. He feeds his daughter with virulent exhalations from a gorgeous flower planted in the centre of his garden. She delights in its fatal secretion, and adorns

herself by bearing its scarlet blossoms in her bosom. Insects coming within range of her breath fell dead at her feet and nosegays presented to her withered at her touch. Her grasp upon the form of the lover she wishes to save from disaster leaves behind it a patch of scarified skin.

The allegorical bent is given to the tale by the fatal effect of wholesome food. Beatrice has fed on poison so long that the antidote kills her. Hawthorne wishes us to feel, however, that the victim of this fantastic experiment was altogether innocent and very beautiful. What she says and does indicates her innocence. She declares "though her body had been nourished with poison, her spirit was God's creature, and craved love for its daily food, and that the evil her father's science had wrought upon her would pass away like a dream" .

The catastrophe lies in the moral idea that for such poison there is no antidote but death, and the lady dies drinking the draught that should free her. Hawthorne seems to remind us that the malign influence with which some characters seem to be charged by the fate that rules their training will be dispelled at last, and that in some bitter and ill-starred lives there may chance to be found at the end of their days a heart full of goodness, hope and love.

Hawthorne's imagination, as his critics have pointed out, busies itself usually with a physical symbol, very

himself by bearing the social stigma in her house. Instead
coming with her to her parents' old home at her feet and
her hands pressed to her forehead at her feet. Her group
upon the form of the lower the women to have their dinner
before him in a room of society and

The allegorical part is given to the tale by the final
effect of the whole. Her father had an opinion as
long that the suicide killed her. Hawthorne wishes us to
feel, however, that the victim of this fantastic experiment
was altogether innocent and very beautiful. That she was
and does indicate her innocence. The decision "though her
body had been mortified with poison, her spirit was God's
creature, and craved love for its daily food, and thus the
evil her father's sentence had wrought upon her would turn
away like a dream".

The catastrophe lies in the moral idea that the man
killed there is the suicide's own death, and the lady dies
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Hawthorne's imagination, as his critics have pointed
out, makes itself usually felt as a physical symbol, very

clearly defined and treated allegorically. In the "Mosses from an Old Manse" his art becomes even more vividly symbolized and more deeply moralized than it appeared in "Twice-Told Tales"; while his interest in history, or in the past in any form is almost negligible. "Roger Malvin's Burial" is the only story that draws even remotely upon that source of romance. The same strain of self-reproach for a fault; as we saw in "The Minister's Black Veil" and the same sense of gloom inseparable from the concealment of a fault; dominates the tale of "Roger Malvin's Burial". Roger Malvin and his young companion, Reuben Bourne, have been wounded in a frontier fight with the Indians; the former more seriously than the latter. They are creeping slowly through the forest; back to the settlement through which they have come; and it seems uncertain whether their strength will hold out. Reuben Bourne is betrothed to the daughter of Roger Malvin; and the older man presses the younger to make good his escape; and bring back help to the rock under which they are resting; and if the help is too late; to give decent burial to his body. After much persuasion on the part of Roger Malvin; and many misgivings on the part of Reuben Bourne; this unheroic course is taken. Roger Malvin's daughter nurses back her lover to life and strength upon his arrival at the settlement; taking it for granted that her father had died in the forest; and that her lover had watched by

clearly defined and treated allegorically. In the "Houses
from an Old Woman" his art becomes even more vividly
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"The Yellow Wallpaper", while his interest in history, or in
the past in any form is almost negligible. "Roger Malvin's
Burial" is the only story that seems even remotely upon
that subject of romance. The same strain of self-reliance
for a fact, as we see in "The Minister's Black Veil" and
the same sense of alien independence from the conventional
of a fact, dominates the tale of "Roger Malvin's Burial".
Roger Malvin and his young companion, Stephen Hornum,
have been wounded in a frontier fight with the Indians, the
former more seriously than the latter. They are creeping
slowly into the forest, back to the settlement through
which they have come, and it seems uncertain whether their
strength will hold out. Stephen Hornum is distressed at
the thought of Roger Malvin, and the other man presses
the younger to make good his escape, and bring back help
to the spot under which they are resting, and if the help
is too late, to give decent burial to his body. After
much persuasion on the part of Roger Malvin, and many
allegories on the part of Stephen Hornum, with elaborate
course is taken. Roger Malvin's daughter comes back
her lover to life and strength upon his arrival at the
settlement, telling it has occurred that her father had
died in the forest, and that her lover had watched by

him in his last moments, and had then buried him. Reuben Bourne is too weak to state the whole truth. The marriage takes place, gloom settles on the life of the husband, and none of his affairs prospers. In the course of years the family moves farther away into the forest. One evening, as they were camping after the day's march, Reuben Bourne hearing a rustle in the foliage raises his musket and fires. Instead of a deer he has shot his own son, and it is at the foot of the rock where the unburied skeleton of his father-in-law is crouching. "Then Reuben's heart was smitten and the tears gushed out like water from a rock. The vow that the wounded youth has made, the blighted man had come to redeem. His sin was expiated- the curse was gone from him, and, in the hour when he had shed blood dearer to him than his own, a prayer, the first for years, went up from the lips of Reuben Bourne."

In "Roger Malvin's Burial" and also in "Rappaccini's Daughter", the allegorical method is laid aside for once, and the theme of fate is substituted. Professor Erskine tells us that "This fatalistic avenging of sin is as much in the web of Hawthorne's mind as the allegorical method is in art; but the reader finds a main interest in the change of Reuben's character, as his consciousness of guilt pursues him. Hawthorne comes to his own in the theme of the secret sin that was to pursue the young warrior to a ghastly expiation; the story is among the

him in his last moments, and then buried him. Gordon
Horne is too weak to state the whole truth. The marriage

was a sham, given action on the life of the husband,
and none of his affairs prospered. In the course of years
the family moved further away into the forest. One evening,
as they were sleeping after the day's march, Gordon Horne
heard a rattle in the foliage which his master and him,
instead of a deer he had shot his own way, and it is at
the foot of the rock where the mutilated skeleton of his
father-in-law is growing. "When Gordon's heart was broken
and the tears rushed out like water from a rock. The vow
that the wounded youth had made, the blighted man had come
to believe. His aim was exquisite - the arrow was gone from
him, and in the heart then he had placed death for him
when his own, a grove, the first few years, went up from
the lips of Gordon Horne."

In "Roger Malvin's Boy" and also in "Hawthorne's
Daughter," the slightest action is held aside for once,
and the theme of fate is repeated. Hawthorne himself
tells us that this fatalistic evening of his is as
much in the web of Hawthorne's mind as the allegorical
method is in art; but the reader finds a main interest
in the change of Gordon's character, as his consciousness
of guilt pursues him. Hawthorne comes to his own in
the theme of the secret sin that was to pursue the young
man to a ghastly explosion; the story is again the

most powerful he wrote, since it was such a hard choice to leave Roger Malvin to a lonely death; or to throw away youth and life in a useless effort to comfort him; once the wrong choice is made, the theme of fate shadows the story irresistibly. Here is the very heart of the gloom which Hawthorne finds characteristic in human nature--wrong judgment, turning into secret sin. (Leading American Novelists pg. 235)

There was now in the breast of Reuben Bourne an incommunicable thought--something he was to conceal most heedfully from her whom he most loved and trusted. He regretted, deeply and bitterly, the moral cowardice that had restrained his words when he was about to disclose the truth to Dorcas; but pride, the fear of losing her affection, the dread of universal scorn, forbade him to rectify this falsehood. He felt that for leaving Roger Malvin he deserved no censure. His presence, the gratuitous sacrifice of his own life, would have added only another and a needless agony to the last moments of the dying man; but concealment had imparted to a justifiable act much of the secret guilt and Reuben, while reason told him that he had done right, experienced in no small degree the mental horrors which punish the perpetrator of undiscovered crime. By a certain association of ideas, he at times almost imagined himself a murderer. For years, also a thought would occasionally recur, which, though he perceived all its folly and

most powerful the worst, since it was only a few miles to
leave Roger Nelson to a lonely death, or to throw away
youth and life in a hopeless effort to convert him; once
the wrong choice is made, the chance of late shadows the
easy inevitability. Here is the very heart of the problem
which Hawthorne finds characteristic in human nature--
wrong judgment, turning into regret and leading American
Novelists to (p. 222)

There was now in the breast of Roger Nelson an
inconceivable thought--something he was to cherish most
heartily from hence on and loved and trusted. He
reverted, deeply and silently, the moral conviction that
he retained his words when he was about to disclose
the truth to Deborah; but this, the fear of losing her
affection, the sense of universal scorn, tormented him so
terribly that he hesitated. He felt that for leaving Roger Nelson
he deserved no reward. His presence, the friendship, the
of his own life, would have added only another and a needless
agony to the last moments of the dying man; but consequently
had he turned to a terrible net upon the secret guilt
and feared, while reason told him that he had done right,
experienced in no small degree the mental horrors which
torment the perpetrator of undiscovered crime. In a certain
association of ideas, he at times almost laughed himself
a murderer. For years, also a thought would occasionally
come, which, though he perceived all too fully was

extravagance he had not the power to banish from his mind. It was a haunting and torturing fancy that his father-in-law was yet sitting at the foot of the rock, on the withered forest leaves, alive, and awaiting his pledged assistance."

Some pictures of self-reproach which have come from Hawthorne's graphic pen have been considered by some critics more like studies in hypochondria and religious insanity rather than sober representations of the thought that sin is self-chastised, and that remorse and fated moods of introspection are its appointed penalties. When we remember, however, Hawthorne's point of view, that the judicial recoil of sin upon the nature of the transgressor is scarcely distinguishable from insanity, we shall see that these sketches, so full of gloom and torturing wildness, are not given to the world as specimens of pathological monstrosity only. The two short stories of Egotism, or the Bosom Serpent and Ethan Brand, seem to lie on the dividing line between self-chastising transgression and mental disease.

Roderick Elliston, in a fit of jealousy which has no other cause but his own miserable egotism, has separated from his wife, and for five years has been tortured by the belief that a poisoned serpent has been gnawing at his vitals. Thus in the "Bosom Serpent" we have a parable of the fact that sin punishes itself, that it sees its own shadow everywhere, and that a diseased and distressing self-contemplation, having its birth in egotism, and its fruit in madness, can only be cast out by the forgiving love which comes to meet us with

extraordinary he has not the power to transfer from his mind.
It was a haunting and torturing fancy that the father-
law was yet sitting at the foot of the rock, on the sheltered
forest knave, alive, and awaiting his pledged assistance."
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from insanity, we shall see that these sketches, so full of
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specimens of pathological monstrosity only. The two short
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to lie on the dividing line between self-obsessing imagination
and mental disease.

Peterkin Hilditch, in a list of pathology which has no other
cause but his own miserable condition, has departed from his
wife, and for five years has been tortured by the belief
that a poisoned serpent has been gnawing at his vitals.
Then in the "Boston Sargent" we have a picture of the fact that
she punished herself, that it seems the own shadow everywhere,
and that a blessed and distressing self-contemplation, having
its birth in religion, and its first in madness, can only be
cast out by the forgiving love which comes to meet us at the

open arms, and by overmastering faith in the fidelity of those we are most solemnly bound to trust.

Ethan Brand is a morose or half-mad lime-burner, who whilst waiting night by night before his glowing kiln, sets himself to conceive some phenomenal sin, which shall be beyond the forgiveness of God's infinite mercy. The rude and unlettered rustics of the village fancy that he is accustomed to invoke the fiends who make their habitation in this white pulsing flame, to aid him with their skill in solving this appalling problem. At last he leaves the hillside and for eighteen years wanders to and fro in quest of his terrific secret. By the arts of hypnotism he looks into the souls of men and women who submit to his experiments, and finds their passions seven-fold hotter than the fires of the kiln. In his proud desire to know where knowledge is forbidden, he tramples upon all that is sacred in human life. After years of wandering he comes back to the old limekiln, and finds, of course, that his place is filled by another. His terrific laughter rolls through the valley and he exultingly declares that he has found, The Unpardonable Sin; but he laughs disdainfully at the idea that it is here or there. Placing his hand upon his breast, he declares that it is within, and that it is attained when all sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God is sacrificed to an insatiable and undisciplined desire for knowledge. The lime-burner retires into his hut and Ethan

over again, and by overhauling him in the library of

These are very valuable books for study.

There is a volume of letters and a volume of

the whole of which might be right before the eyes of him

who himself is not a very good scholar, and who

he found the fragments of his father's library. The

books and papers were scattered all over the place, and he

is accustomed to find the things which make their habit-

tion in this white palace, to find them in their

skill in solving this appalling mystery. At last he began

the hillsides and for eighteen years wandering to and fro in

quest of his father's secret. By the end of his journey he

looked into the minds of men and women who added to his

experience, and found their knowledge ever more

than the time of the film. In his mind he began to know

where knowledge is hidden, he began to know all that is

known in human life. After years of wandering he began

back to the old knowledge, and then, of course, that the

place is filled by another. His father's knowledge tells

through the valley and he begins to see that he has

found. The knowledge is his; but he begins to feel that

the fact that it is here or there. Finding the knowledge upon the

ground, he discovers that it is within, and that it is revealed

when all comes at once to him and he knows the God

is revealed to him in a flash and he understands the

knowledge. The knowledge is his and he knows the

is alone by the side of the kiln through the midnight. Lifting his arms aloft, he leaps into the hissing volcano of smouldering stone, and in the morning the outline of his skeleton, inclosing a calcined heart within the ribs, is seen resting on the upper crust of the kiln.

The motive of the story is clearly designated:

"Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect." The picture is one of madness that has its starting point in moral degeneracy and rebellion. For there is a lawlessness of the intellect which is as dangerous to morals as is the riot of the coarser passions.

"Indeed, these moral stories", says Professor Canby, "where the line between preaching and narration is so often so insufficiently drawn, are finer, and seem to be more durable, than the more impressionistic, less speculative stories. "Ethan Brand" (1851), whose firelit gloom and tragic heart of marble in the ashes of the kiln drive home a sermon on egotism, is infinitely greater, far better remembered than "The White Old Maid" or "The Hollow of Three Hills", in which the narrative is more subservient to the true end of art. The moral stories are finer because they have more of the true Hawthornesque. They alone, because of their sanity, because of their true human nature, but, most of all, because of their intensity, can be ranked

is shown by the fact that the film through the midnight
lighting the first night, he jumps into the shining volcano
of smoking steam, and in the morning the outline of his
figure, appearing a colored heart at the top, is
seen resting on the upper part of the film.

The motive of the story is clearly suggested:
"That when through these a film, he began to be no from
the moment that his mental nature had ceased to keep the
pace of improvement with the intellect." The picture is
one of sadness that has the starting point in reality
generosity and rebellion. It is there in a lawfulness of
the intellect which is as dangerous to itself as to the
rest of the human organism.

"Indeed, these mental states," says Professor Dewey,

"where the line between growing and maturity is so often
as insufficiently drawn, are those, and seem to be more terrible,
than the more unambiguous, less speculative states."
"Human Growth" (1921), where this film and these heart
of matter in the scene of the film have been a human on
growth, is definitely greater, far better remembered than
"The White Old Maid" or "The Mother of Three Children," in
which the narrative is more representative to the first end
of art. The mental states are those because they have
more of the true Northropness. They alone, because of
their reality, possess of their true human nature, but
most of all, because of their intensity, can be trained

with the much more artistic tales of Poe.

It is in these moral tales also that Hawthorne's contribution to the technique of the short story may best be studied. ("The Short Story" pg. 43)

The Scarlet Letter - - The book by which Nathaniel Hawthorne is best known; "The Scarlet Letter", gather up and elaborate stray suggestions that are scattered throughout some of the shorter stories. His great trait of diving into the recesses of the human heart, and laying it bare to the gaze of the world, finds here its full expression. The delineation of guilt and all the mental agonies through which the soul passes, Hawthorne perceives and endeavors to portray in a form which should be a parable, applying its morality to the men and women of today, all the more persuasively because of its indirectness. There is also a picture of New England history brought before us with a dramatic impressiveness that has rarely, if ever been rivalled; and the power, the mystery, the deathless judicial zeal which are inseparable attributes of the human conscience, imprint themselves upon our senses in lines that burn into our very soul.

"And be the stern and sad truth spoken", says the author, "that the breach which guilt has once made into the human soul is never, in this mortal state, repaired. It may be watched and guarded-----But there is still the ruined wall, and near it the stealthy dread of the foe that would win

with the same exacting taste as the

It is in these small tales also that Hawthorne's
contribution to the technique of the short story may best be
studied. ("The Short Story," p. 28)

The Scarlet Letter - The book by which Nathaniel Hawthorne

is best known, "The Scarlet Letter," is a story of the

story of a woman who has been brought into the world

of the human heart, and living it here to the end of the

world. It is here the full expression of the

artist and all the mental agencies through which the soul

Hawthorne perceives and endeavors to portray in a form which

should be a picture, applying the morality of the age and

manners of today, all the more powerfully because of the

indifference. There is also a picture of New England history

throughout the book, as well as a dramatic representation of the

story, it is a story of the past, the present, the

the historical and the moral which are inseparable attributes

of the human condition. It is a story of the human

in which the heart is the very soul.

"And to the story and the truth spoken," says the author,

"that the heart which has once seen the human

world is never, in the mortal state, repaired. It may be

wounded and grieved, but it is still the same well,

and near it the steadily broad of the sea of the world.

over again his unforgotten triumph".

The greatness of the story, however, lies in its universal theme, its elevated tone, and the extreme simplicity of its treatment. The theme is the effect of sin upon the soul that commits it--especially of secret sin, since Dimmesdale's experience makes the tale. It is usual, perhaps to attribute the study of sin to the Puritan temperament, but, in Professor Erskine's judgment, "It takes only a little perception to see that the attitude in this romance cannot easily be matched in Spenser or Milton or Bunyan, nor in what we know of the New England Puritans". (Leading American Novelists, pg. 245)

"As a study of social discipline", Lathrop tells us, "it claimed the deepest attention. And never was the capacity of sinning men and women for self-delusion more wonderfully illustrated than in this romance. The only avenue of escape from such delusion was shown to be self-analysis; that is, the conscientious view of one's conduct always clearly visible ". (A Study of Hawthorne pg. 219)

"The issue of sin, here represented, is so absolute and so dark, so far from the hope of forgiveness, that the Puritan himself rejects its harsh fatality. And on the other hand, the value placed upon life is here so strong, and the sympathy with human desires is so overwhelming, that much which the Puritan would condemn as sin gets away from rigid categories, and stands in a troublesome compromise between right and wrong.

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easily be matched in Spenser or Milton or Pope, nor in
what we know of the new English writers. (Reading American
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"As a study of social idealism," Hawthorne tells us,
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of shining men and women for self-dedication more wonderfully
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"The theme of air, here represented, is an abstract and
so dark, so far from the hope of forgiveness, that the English
himself rejects its truth entirely. And on the other hand,
the value placed upon life is here so strong, and the sympathy
with human destiny is so overwhelming, that each which the
English would regard as air born from their rigid exterior,
and stands in a true sense as a bridge between right and wrong.

Both of these variations from the Puritan ideal are, of course, the gift of Hawthorne's own personality. He was a fatalist at heart, and the power of evil to breed evil had occupied his thoughts. He was naturally impressed, also, by the difficulty of judging sin by conventional standards; he knew, as he had written of the slave-trade, that what one age thought evil, the next might pass by, if not approve, and for those sins which spring from the best impulses of the heart, he had a leniency that could not be found even in Mrs. Stowe's work, cheerful Puritan as she was". (Leading American Novelists pg.245)

And just as Nathaniel Hawthorne anticipated, the orthodox found ample cause to be disconcerted by "The Scarlet Letter". Mr. A. C. Coxe (in "The Church Review" January, 1881) severely reprobates the theme of the book. "Is the French era begun in our literature"? he asks. Taken from his point of view, it is true the romance portrays impartially and objectively the consequences of sin but the author does not condemn either Hester Prynne or Arthur Dimmesdale for their sin; their love having had a consecration of their own, never caused them repentance. Hester's elaboration of the badge of her sin into a beautiful emblem is paralleled in her life by the elaboration of her sin into nothing but beauty. Because of her sin she achieves a moral career, and in it she becomes more comprehending and seemingly, intellectually more emancipated than if she had not sinned. In the story, as Hawthorne has

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 Mr. A. C. Cope in "The Church Review" (January, 1851) even
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written it, punishment is meted out to the wronged husband and the lover; to the husband, for having determined upon a hideous revenge; to the lover, for having refused through cowardice to acknowledge the child. The sin for which Hester is punished is hardly presented as sin at all. The wrong is balanced in the story by the cruel, loveless marriage Chillingworth had imposed upon her youth, in comparison with which her love for Dimmesdale seems heaven-sent.

In the judgment of Mr. Coxe, therefore, and that of other critics, the novel challenges society's right to restrict the freedom of individual passion. Mr. Michaud also maintains that very few critics grasped the real viewpoint from which Hawthorne conceived the characters of Hester Prynne and Dimmesdale (excepting D. H. Lawrence, in a chapter of his imaginative but penetrating "Studies in Classic American Literature")-- "Nor do I want to exaggerate Hawthorne's immoralism", says Michaud, "but if there has ever been a piece of literature written to prove the dangers of the famous Freudian inhibition, and to try to cure it, that work is certainly "The Scarlet Letter."

Later on the same chapter Mr. Michaud asks us to note well--Hester Prynne has no shame; no remorse for her sin. She is proud of it. The world has condemned her but she does not cease to love; no matter how cowardly Dimmesdale behaves. From the beginning to the very end of the book, Hester Prynne saw love only." (The American Novel Today pg.36)

Yet, Hawthorne's own words in the book under discussion would seem to belie this interpretation. For when Hester threw away the mystic token of her sin among the withered leaves, he reflects: " But there lay the embroidered letter glittering like a lost jewel where some ill-fated wanderer might pick it up, and thenceforth be haunted by strange phantoms of guilt, sinkings of the heart, and unaccountable misfortune".

The stigma gone, Hester heaved a long deep sigh, in which the burden of shame and anguish departed from her spirit.

"It is not a story of adultery. "The word does not", according to Mr. Brownell, "occur in the book--a circumstance in itself typifying the detachment of the conception and the delicate art of its execution----. It is essentially a story neither of the sin nor of the situation of illicit love---presents neither its psychology nor its social effects; neither excuses nor condemns nor even depicts from this specific point of view. The love of Hester and Dimmesdale is a postulate, not a presentment. Incidentally, of course, the sin colors the narrative, and the situation is its particular result. But, essentially, the book is a story of concealment---From this point of view, but for the sacred profession of the minister and the conduct this imposes, it would be neither moving nor profound. Its moral would not be convincing". (American Prose Masters pg. 117) The innocent person, thereby

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becomes merely a device which enables Hawthorne to vivify the effect of remorse upon the minister by personifying its furies. And in confining himself to the concealment of sin rather than to depicting its phenomena and its results on the whole, "the potential torture of remorse for a life that is flagrantly an acted lie is not misrepresented, either in truth or art, by the fate of Dimmesdale, though it is treated in the heightened way appropriate to the typical". (Ibid pg.119) Every erring soul may not suffer the extremity of Dimmesdale's agony, but it suffers enough, and the inevitability of its suffering was never more convincingly exhibited than in this vivid picture. Nothing, therefore, could show a more complete misunderstanding of Hawthorne's romance than the charge that the story pandered to base thoughts, and ushered in an era of "French literature.

Lathrop points out in his "Study of Hawthorne", the clergyman's mistake in imagining that Hawthorne "selects the intrigue of an adulterous minister, as the groundwork of his ideal of Puritan time".. This austere critic, however, does seem to think that the effect of sin unconfessed is partly the theme of the minister's story, for in his criticism he says: "The sin of her seducer too, seems to be considered as lying not so much in the deed itself, as in his long concealment of it, and in fact the whole moral of the tale is given in the

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words--"Be true--be true" as if sincerity in sin were virtue, an as if "Be clean, be clean", were not the more fitting conclusion. The untrue man, he continues is in short , the hand-dog of the narrative, and the unclean one is made a very interesting sort of person and as the two qualities are united in the hero, their composition creates the interest of his character. Shelly himself never imagined a more dissolute conversation than that in which the polluted minister comforts himself with the thought, that the revenge of the injured husband is worse than his own sin in instigating it. 'Thou and I never did so Hester' he suggests and she responds, 'Never; Never! What we did had a consecration of its own.' (Notorious Literary Attacks Mordell pg.134) "And", exclaims Lathrop, "these wretched and distorted consolations of two erring and condemned souls, the righteous Churchman, with not very commendable taste, seizes upon as the moral of the book, leaving aside the terrible retribution which overtakes and blasts them so soon after their vain plan of flight and happiness. Not for once does Hawthorne defend their excuses for themselves." And the occasional relief which he allows them as for instance in that cry of Hester to Arthur Dimmesdale when they meet in the forest:- "What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so. We said so to each other. Hast thou forgotten it?" This occasional relief becomes an added sin which intensifies the victim's sense of guilt. For Dimmesdale exclaims, "Have I then sold myself to the fiend?" and Hawthorne continues, "The

words--"The first--the first" as it is usually in his words
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 so to each other. "Last how forgotten it?" This occasional
 relief becomes an added link which intensifies the victim's
 sense of guilt. "For Hawthorne explains, 'Have I then
 said myself to the world?' and Hawthorne continues, 'The

wretched minister! He had made a bargain very like it! Tempted by a dream of happiness, he had yielded himself, with deliberate choice, as he had never done before, to what he knew was deadly sin. And the infectious poison of that sin had been thus rapidly diffused throughout his moral system."

Yet Hester's words are more convincing to us than Dimmesdale's repentance for having momentarily accepted them, so that we perceive Hawthorne's imagination to have been instinctively right, and the judgment which his upbringing accepted, wrong. In the familiar case of the young wife married against her will to an old and crusty scholar and deserted in a strange land where she fell in love with the young minister, and was then exiled with her child from the community in whose midst she had to live, we should have thought that someone, in that scriptural society would have remembered, if not quoted, the famous words 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her'. (St. John Chapter VIII) All Hawthorne's hereditary conscience was implacable, except that inner instinct of his which enabled him to present, but never without misgiving, the forces of human vitality, the cry of the heart which in such circumstances is the witness of religion against morality. "There is one proposition which the experience of life burns into my soul," says Sir John Morley in his "Life of Gladstone", "it is this: that man should beware of letting his religion

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"It is this: that man should beware of letting his religion

spoil his morality. In a thousand ways, some great, some small, but all subtle, we are all tempted to that great sin" (pg.185) and Hawthorne seems to have yielded in several instances.

The interest is so far removed, at the very beginning of the story, from any episode of passion, that the reader almost forgets, as he is meant to do, the nature of the sin for which Hester is punished and Dimmesdale persecuted. According to Mr. Lathrop, the moral of cleanliness was so obvious that Hawthorne never dreamed of any one's requiring it to be emphasized. It is the starting-point of the tragedy. "The Tale," he says, "is a massive argument for repentance, which is the flinging aside of concealment, and the open and truthful acknowledgment of sin. In the Puritan mode of dealing with sin, Hawthorne found the whole problem of repentance and confession presented in the most drastic, concentrated, and startling form; for the Puritans carried out in the severest style a practical illustration of the consequences of moral offence." (A Study of Hawthorne pg.129)

In Chillingworth, Hawthorne shows the working out of revenge--as ineffectual for its purpose as the public retribution of the law. The terrible revolution in his own character is shown by his frantic effort at last to keep his secret, lest Arthur Dimmesdale escape. That evil breeds evil, is the moral he teaches, a theme peculiarly Hawthorne's. It is reflected from many passages in "The Scarlet Letter"

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In Chillingworth, Hawthorne shows the working out of revenge--as incidental for its purpose in the family. The terrible revelation is his own contribution of the law. The terrible revelation is his own character is shown by his frantic effort to keep his secret, and Arthur Dimmesdale's agony. That evil seeds will, in the moral he teaches, a theme peculiarly Hawthorne's. It is reflected from many passages in "The Scarlet Letter."

and elsewhere throughout his work. Chillingworth is impelled to his diabolical revenge by the sin of Hester; which in turn he himself admits was conditioned by his own loveless marriage with her--and that initial wrong was error, not sin. That Hawthorne was somewhat tainted with the doctrine of fatalism might be interpreted from passages such as that wherein Chillingworth bids Hester tell Dimmesdale who the physician is; and gives as his reason for the permission, his belief that all three persons are in the grip of fate. "By thy first steps awry, thou didst plant the germ of evil; but since that moment, it has all been a dark necessity. You that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a thing of typical illusion; neither am I fiend-like, who have snatched a friend's office from his hands. It is our fate." Here, it would seem Chillingworth almost repeats the history of Rappaccini's daughter who having fed her soul exclusively on moral poison, perishes when that ill fare is taken away.

"The Scarlet Letter" is a relentless tale; the characters are singularly free from self-pity; they accept their fate as righteous but doubt the mercy and goodness of God.

"I fear! I fear! cried the minister; "It may be that; when we forgot our God;--when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul;--- it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion."

Evil is represented as a thing without remedy; that cannot change its nature. In the scheme of Puritan thought;

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but since that moment, it has all been a dark necessity.
You that have wronged me are not sinful, have in a thing of
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"The Puritan belief" is a religious tale, the characters
are strangely free from self-pity, they accept their fate
as righteous but doubt the mercy and goodness of God.
"I fear! I fear! cried the minister, "It may be that, when
we forget our God,--when we violated our reverence and for
the other's soul,--- it was therefore vain to hope that
we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion."
Evil is represented as a thing without remedy, that
cannot change its nature. In the scheme of Puritan thought,

however, the atonement of Christ is the perpetual miracle whereby salvation comes, not only hereafter but in the holier life led here by grace. But in this book there is no Christ. There is no charity that covereth a multitude of sins. When Simon rashly judged Mary Magdalen Our Lord gently rebuked him and forthwith spoke to him of His Eternal Father in the parable of the two debtors who were forgiven because they could not pay their debts. Thus proving that we can make stepping-stones of our sins; and, that after five hundred falls we can get even nearer to God than after fifty; and that forgiveness is sure, if only we love more and trust Him always.

But in "The Scarlet Letter" absolution, so far as it is hinted at, lies in the direction of public confession, the efficacy of which is stated directly but lamely, nevertheless. It restores truth, but it does not heal the past. Life once ruined is ruined past recall. So Hester, desirous of serving in her place the larger truth she has come to know, is stayed, says Hawthorne, because she "recognized the impossibility that any mission of divine and mysterious truth would be confided to a woman stained with sin, bowed down with shame, or even burdened with a life-long sorrow." Such, however, is not the teaching of Christ. Otherwise how can we account for the fact that, notwithstanding Peter's threefold denial of Him, Christ still chose him as head of His Church.

Woodberry goes so far as to say that stoicism in

Hawthorne "is a primary element in his moral nature, in him as well as in his work; it is visited with touches of tenderness and pity: The pity one feels is not in him, it is in the pitiful thing which he presents objectively, sternly, unrelentingly. It must be confessed that as an artist he appears unsympathetic with his characters; he is a moral dissector of souls; minute, unflinching, thorough; a vivisector here; and he is cold because he has passed sentence on them; condemned them." (pg. 201)

And again, bemoaning the lack of Christian spirit in the book he maintains that in ignoring prayer; the atonement of Christ; and the work of the Spirit in men's hearts; the better part of Puritanism has been left out and the whole life of the soul distorted; and concluded that "A book from which light and love are absent may hold us by its truth to what is dark in life; but, in the highest sense; it is a false book. It is a chapter in the literature of moral despair; and is perhaps most tolerated as a condemnation of the creed which, through imperfect comprehension, it travesties." (Nathaniel Hawthorne-pg. 203)

We need; however the lesson of this romance; for though confession cannot do all we expect and there are limits to its efficacy; nevertheless, there can be no healing for the conscience which does not begin in a humble acknowledgment of our guilt and in an absolute truth of lip and life.

The great defect felt throughout Hawthorne's works is

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of moral decay, and is perhaps more tolerated as a condition
of the times which, though lamented and complained,
is inevitable." (Moralized Hawthorne-pg. 203)

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of our guilt and in an absolute trust of life and life.

The great defect felt throughout Hawthorne's work is

the undeclared philosophy which forms a subtle framework behind most of Hawthorne's storied. Without a compensation doctrine of sacrifice and mediation it is scarcely to be wondered that the strict and sustained introspection he delineates should end in a remorse scarcely distinguishable from insanity. The balm of atoning love is needed to heal the conscience; or the solitary and continuous contemplation of the past must sooner or later, have one sure and frightful result. If sin is punished by the conscience; and the conscience itself is a direct instrument of the Divine Will; sin must be dealt with by some method which gives a due and a fitting place to the principle of righteousness. Hawthorne is a stern and solemn schoolmaster, who makes us feel our need of an atonement which satisfies both the claim of justice and love. Said Roger Chillingworth, looking darkly at the clergyman, who is just mounting to the scaffold to avow openly the sin of the past, "Hast thou sought the whole earth over; there was not one place so secret; no high place, no lowly place where thou couldst have escaped me; save on this very scaffold."

The demand for confession therefore, is inexorable; and we agree that there can be no salvation without moral honesty; but surely the place where we bow in sackcloth and ashes; the altar at which we find reconciliation with God and peace with our conscience; needs a higher consecration than that of just our penitential tears. Conscience, no less than the divine righteousness which it reflects, asks

the religious philosophy which forms a world framework
holding part of Hawthorne's attitude. Without a conversion
doctrine of spiritual and material it is necessary to be
convinced that the spirit and material are inseparable
delicate and as a remote powerfully distinguished
this true identity. The fact of existing life is needed
to feel the existence, or the reality and continuous
contingency of the past that either or later, have one
same and identical result. It is in this sense that the
conscience, and the conscience itself is a direct instrument
of the Divine Will, and must be dealt with as such
which gives a due and fitting place to the principle of
righteousness. Hawthorne is a strong and solemn philosopher
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looking back at the argument, was it just wanting to
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something more. To follow, therefore, under the guidance of a man of such extraordinary insight into the workings of the moral life as he makes invisible spiritual histories visible to us, without keeping at the same time the fact of redemption by Diving Love in view, would lead us to despair.

The Blithedale Romance The predominant idea of the "Blithedale Romance" is to delineate the deranging effect of an absorbing philanthropic idea on a powerful mind;-- the unscrupulous sacrifices of personal claims which it induces and the misery in which it ends. This romance, does not exhibit such a centralization of passion in the individual as in the case with "The Scarlet Letter." The life of the farmhouse is not of sufficient interest in itself to hold attention very closely, and the socialistic experiment, after all, is not the theme of the story; these things merely afford a convenient and appropriate ground on which to develop a study of the typical reformer, as Hawthorne conceived him.

The weakness of the romance is due probably to the subject. Hawthorne was at home only in the moral world, and only in problems of such gravity as to involve the salvation of a soul. Here there is no sin, as in "The Scarlet Letter" no ancient wrong as in "The House of the Seven Gables" or "The Marble Faun". Consequently there is nothing that connects itself with the idea of retribution. The nature, traits, temptations and

something more. To follow, therefore, under the guidance of
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The philosophical romance is a predominant idea of the
 "philosophical romance" is to delineate the changing effect
 of an abstract philosophical idea on a particular mind, --
 the extraordinary sacrifices of personal claims which it
 induces and the misery in which it ends. This romance
 does not exhibit such a restriction of passion as
 the individual in the case of "The Scarlet Letter."
 The life of the character is not of sufficient interest
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 the Seven Gables" or "The Marble Faun". Consequently
 there is nothing that connects itself with the idea
 of redemption. The nature, twists, temptations and

indwelling fate consequent on the hero's mistaken goal of life are all portrayed in the romance. And in the way Hawthorne worked out the problem, he revealed his own judgment on the moral type brought so variously and persistently under his observation by the wave of reform that was so characteristic of his times.

The characters are few in number and have that special trait of isolation so peculiar to Hawthorne's creations. Zenobia, Priscilla and Hollingsworth are the trio, who each in an environment of solitude, makes the essence of the plot by their mutual relations. Zenobia is set apart by her secret history and physical nature, and Priscilla, by her magnetic powers and enslavement to the mesmerist; Hollingsworth is absorbed in his mission. Zenobia and Hollingsworth are really the only two characters in the book that challenge attention. Zenobia is a creature of splendid physique and impulse, a variant of Hester, or of Miriam in "The Marble Faun." Her character, like theirs, begins in mystery; unlike theirs, it remains unexplained and undeveloped. The unfolding of the story, and the treatment of the characters, however, are not managed with any great skill.

Hawthorne, according to Mr. Brownell, "had a predilection for the undeveloped--- For character he had the observer's not the divining eye----Yet his study of traits never led him to create a character, nor his reflection on character to illustrate a moral truth with one---

adhering to the concept on the basis of goal
of the one all portrayed in the romance. And in the way
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The characters who live in shadow and have that special
trait of isolation so peculiar to Hawthorne's creations.
Tensho, Ishikawa and Kojima are the trio, who each
in an environment of solitude, make the essence of the
plot by their mutual relations. Tensho is not good by
her secret history and physical nature, and Ishikawa, by
her mental power and attachment to the secret;
Kojima is absorbed in his mission. Tensho and
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Hawthorne, according to Mr. Brownell, "had a
predilection for the undeveloped--the character he
had the observer's not the giving eye--for the study
of traits never led him to create a character, nor his
reflection on character to illustrate a moral truth with one--

save in the exotic instance of Donatello, whose abundantly described faunlike nature is transformed into rather characterless character." (American Prose Masters pg.104)

One comes back therefore, to the moral situation, as the centre of interest; and in it Hawthorne depicts the reformer as failing in the same ways in which other egotists fail; for he perceives in the enthusiasm of the humanitarian only selfishness, arrogance, and intolerance in another form. Hollingsworth, with the best of motives apparently, is faithless to his associates and willing to wreck their enterprise because it stands in his way and he is out of sympathy with it; he is faithless to Priscilla in so far as he accepts Zenobia because she can aid him with her wealth, and on her losing her wealth he is faithless to her in returning to Priscilla; he has lost the power to be true, in the other relations of love, through his devotion to his cause. Thus Hollingsworth is the victim of Hawthorne's moral theory and he admits as much in the story:-

The moral which presents itself to my (the author's) reflections, as drawn from Hollingsworth's character and errors, is simply this, --- that, admitting what is called philanthropy, which when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulse to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which

were in the early days of the Republic, whose abundance

described the nature of the matter in the early days

characteristic of the early days of the Republic.

The same was the case, in the early days of the Republic.

as the centre of interest; and in the early days of the Republic.

rather as falling in the early days of the Republic.

and for the purpose of the Republic of the early days.

only with the Republic, and the Republic of the early days.

Hollingsworth, with the best of motives, is

entirely in his own mind and willing to work for the

the Republic in his own mind and willing to work for the

with it; he is entirely in his own mind and willing to work for the

entirely in his own mind and willing to work for the

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God never meant should be pressed violently out, and distilled into alcoholic liquor by an unnatural process...but should render life sweet, bland, and gently beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end. I see in Hollingsworth an exemplification of the most awful truth in Bunyan's book of such,--from the very gate of Heaven there is a by-way to the pit!"

Rarely does Hawthorne moralize in his stories but is perforce compelled to do this when brought face to face with the final wreck and ruin which overtakes Blithedale and its little company. Formulated, mapped-out benevolence was clearly a thing for which Hawthorne had but little sympathy.

The philosophy of the romance gleams out here and there in detached sentences: "The greatest obstacle to being heroic" says Hawthorne, "is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom, to know when it ought to be resisted and when it ought to be obeyed."

"It was the sufficient 'raison d'etre' of Brook Farm, writes Mr. Conway, " that it produced that truly American novel- "The Blithedale Romance". The other principal works of Hawthorne relate to imported customs and characters--the most American among them, perhaps, being that which is mounted amid the scenery of Rome. But "The Blithedale Romance" is a genuine Transcript of original New World life,(Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne pg. 89)

had never meant to be pressed violently out, and dis-
turb the delicate rhythm by an unnatural process... but would
render it sweet, kind, and gently beautiful, and would
by influence other poets and other lives to the same blessed
end. I see in Hawthorne an exemplification of the most
natural truth in nature's book of truth,--from the very gate of
Heaven there is a way to the light.

There is something marvelous in his stories but it
is not because he is so good at this when brought face to face with
the final wreck and ruin which overtake Elizabeth and the
little company. The marvelous, magical, and benevolent was
clearly a thing for which Hawthorne had but little sympathy.
The philosophy of the romance glows out here and there
in detached sentences: "The greatest obstacle to being
happy," says Hawthorne, "is the doubt whether one way or not
he might not prove one's self a fool; the greatest reason is
to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom, to know
when it ought to be resisted and when it ought to be obeyed."
"It was the earliest 'wisdom' of Brook Farm,
writes Mr. Conway, 'that is, to resist that truly American
novel--'The Elizabethan Romance'. The other principal
works of Hawthorne relate to imported customs and character--
the most American among them, perhaps, being that which is
mentioned with the scenery of Rome. But 'The Elizabethan Romance'
is a genuine transcript of original New-World life, little of
Hawthorne's Hawthorne (p. 66)

The popularity of the novel is in a great measure due to the fact of its being a reflection of the life of Brook Farm. Hawthorne, nevertheless, keeps himself judiciously aloof from expressing an opinion upon those principles for whose practical working the Community was instituted, and simply goes thence because something is to be gained, he imagines, by travelling out of the beaten track of the novelist.

Although devoid of enthusiasm himself, Hawthorne does not cast a shadow over the enthusiasm of others. He seems to question theories which have puzzled most thinking men at some period of their lives; but on no occasion do we find him pouring contempt either upon the ardor of youth, or upon those deep feelings and aspirations which survive youth, as in Hollingsworth's case, but which have not the slightest chance of attaining their ends. "His own eye, in the opinion of Mr. Smith, is too clear in guaging the impossible barriers which intervene between human desire and perfect fruition; and to this we could almost believe, is to be attributed the sadness which pervades all that he has done. Come whatever else may, he must at any rate be true to his genius; and here lies partially the secret why he labored for so many years before he obtained the popular ear. He had only the truth to tell, and it is so difficult for that, at any time, to make way, unless assisted by many brilliant and striking flashes of falsehood." (Poets and Novelist pg. 184)

The popularity of the novel is in a great measure due to the fact of its being a reflection of the life of the time. Hawthorne, nevertheless, keeps himself judiciously aloof from expressing an opinion upon these principles for whose practical working the community was interested, and simply goes through because something is to be gained, he imagines, by travelling out of the beaten track of the novelist.

Although devoid of enthusiasm himself, Hawthorne does not cast a shadow over the enthusiasm of others. He seems to question theories which have prevailed and which were at some period of their lives; but on no occasion do we find him forming contempt of them upon the error of youth, or upon those deep feelings and aspirations which survive youth, as in Hawthorne's case, but which have not the slightest chance of attaining their ends. "His own eye, in the opinion of Mr. Melville, is too clear in regarding the impossible barriers which intervene between human desire and perfect fruition; and to this we could almost believe, is to be attributed the sadness which pervades all that he has done. None whatever else may, he must at any rate be true to his genius; and here lies partially the secret why he labored for so many years before he obtained the popular ear. He had only the truth to tell, and it is no slight thing for that, at any time, to make way, unaided, unaided by any brilliant and striking flashes of falsehood. "Poets and Novelists" (1884)

"In a sort of meditative dream," writes Mr. Whipple, "his intellect drifts in the direction to which the subject points, broods patiently over it, looks at it, looks into it, and at last looks through it to the laws by which it is governed. Gradually, individual beings definite in spiritual quality, but shadowy in substantial form, group themselves around this central conception, and by degrees assume an outward body and expression corresponding to their internal nature. On the depth and intensity of the mental mood, the force of the fascination it exerts over him, and the length of time it holds him captive, depends the solidity and substance of the individual characterizations. In this way Miles Coverdale, Hollingsworth, Westervelt, Zenobia, and Priscilla become real persons to the mind which has called them into being. He knows every secret, watches every motive of their souls, yet is, in a measure independent of them, and pretends to no authority by which he can alter the destiny which consigns them to misery or happiness. They drift to their doom by the same law by which they drifted across the path of his vision." (Character and Characteristic Men pg.236)

We find in this tale, as in so many others of Hawthorne, Fate plays almost as great a part as in a Greek Trilogy. The four human souls described in the book, with their mutual attractions and repulsions will end, he feels assured, in just such a catastrophe as he has stated. He

"In a sort of negative sense," writes Dr. H. H. H.

"This interest exists in the direction to which the subject

points, it does not look at it, looks at it, looks at it

it, and so on, looks through it to the last by which it

is reversed. Generally, individual beings believe in

ethical reality, but abstract in substantial form, group

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The four human souls described in the book, with their

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as if they were a catastrophe as he has stated. He

asserts, however, that his characters are fictitious, though as the seamstress of Brook Farm gave the external figure of Priscilla, it may be that certain suggestions of temperament were found for the other two characters among his impressions of persons whom he met.

"What worldly wit, what life studies and subtlety of suggestion!" says Mr. Conway, "Not only is every character alive, but the very language in which each is incarnate. When Brook Farm had broken up, these "Blithedale" men and women were met in every street, so that it was absurd to identify one or another as his model." (Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, pg. 140)

'Everything you know,' Hawthorne says or makes Sybil Darcy say, 'has its spiritual meaning, which is to the literal meaning what the soul is to the body.' "This unfortunate doctrine," says Mr. Brownell, "is the only thing that Hawthorne ever appears to have taken literally. But even this doctrine, taken literally, recognizes the literal meaning and the body as media for the manifestation of the spiritual meaning of the soul. Hawthorne's distinction assuredly lay in his treatment of the soul, yet since he was in no danger at all from materialistic excess or emphasis, but quite the contrary, his treatment of the soul is most successful when he is least neglectful of the body." (American Prose Masters pg. 87)

"The Blithedale Romance " is generally considered

...that his character is ...
...the ... of ...
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...the ... of ...

"That ... with ...

of ... says Mr. ...

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the feeblest of Hawthorne's writings. The truth of the novel on the ethical side is somewhat vague. It presents some aspects of moral truth, carefully studied and probably observed, but they seem very partial aspects, and too incomplete to allow them, taken all together to be called typical. The evil studied is a mistaken goal of life, in Hollingsworth's zeal for reform, and the sad consequence of his errors is shown externally, in the breaking up of Blithedale and the suicide of Zenobia,---not in the effect upon his soul or hers.

The representation of the New England reformer is as partial as that of the Puritan minister; both are depraved types, and in the former there is not that vivid truth to general human nature which makes the latter so powerful a revelation of the sinful heart. No one believes in Hollingsworth's repentance for he had not consciously done wrong; the change of Hawthorne's attitude towards him is too sudden. And the reader is equally surprised, but not convinced at the statement that Coverdale loved Priscilla.

"The power of the story", in Mr. Woodberry's judgment, "lies rather in its external realism, and especially in that last scene, which was taken from Hawthorne's experience at Concord on the night when he took part in rescuing the body of the young woman who had drowned herself; but with the exception of this last scene, and of some of the sketches

the freedom of Hawthorne's writings. The truth of the novel on the ethical side is somewhat vague. It presents some aspects of moral truth, carefully studied and probably observed, but they seem very partial aspects, and too incomplete to allow them, taken all together to be called typical. The evil studied is a mistaken goal of life, in Hawthorne's soul for reform, and the bad consequence of his error is shown externally, in the breaking up of Elizabeth and the solitude of Comstock,---not in the effect upon his soul or heart.

The representation of the New England reformer is as partial as that of the Puritan minister; both are distorted types, and in the former there is not the vivid truth to general human nature which marks the latter as powerful a revelation of the ethical heart. His own believes in Hawthorne's repentance for he had not consciously done wrong; the change of Hawthorne's attitude towards him is too sudden. And the reader is equally surprised, but not convinced at the statement that Comstock loved Elizabeth.

"The power of the story," in Mr. Woodberry's judgment, "lies rather in its external realism, and especially in that last scene, which was taken from Hawthorne's experience of Concord on the night when he took part in rescuing the body of the young woman who had drowned herself; but with the exception of this last scene, and of some of the sketches

that reproduce most faithfully the life and circumstances of Brook Farm, the novel does not equal its predecessors in the ethical or imaginative value of its material; in romantic vividness; or in the literary skill of its construction." (Nathaniel Hawthorne-pg.232)

The House of the Seven Gables deals with the problem of heredity. The novelist had a particular end in view in the construction of the story, namely, to show the evil consequences which are entailed through the commission of error or crime. He himself admits in the preface that "the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief--and he would feel it a singular gratification, if this romance might effectually convince mankind--or, indeed, any one man--of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of illgotten gold; or real estate; on the heads of an unfortunate posterity; thereby to maim and crush them; until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms; in good faith however, he is not sufficiently imaginative to flatter himself with the slightest hope of this kind." In a romance like this however, though the moral cannot be forgotten or entirely lost sight of, it is more or less relegated to a secondary place. Picturesqueness is eminently the characteristic of the history of the old Pyncheon family; and additional interest

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of those years, the novel does not seem to be
in the state of imaginative value of its material, in
romantic vivacity, or in the literary skill of its
composition. (Northampton Review, pp. 332)

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gold, or real estate, or the heads of an unfortunate
posterity, thereby to ruin and waste them, until the
accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original
state; in good and evil however, he is not satisfactorily
imaginative to that extent with the slightest hope
of this kind." In a romance like this however, though
the novel cannot be forgotten or entirely lost sight of,
it is more or less relegated to a secondary place.
The House of the Seven Gables is essentially the epitome of the
history of the old Plymouth family, and additional interest

is created through its semi-legendary characters. Fate as usual plays a prominent part.

In the story we are told that two centuries ago, a certain wicked and powerful Colonel Pyncheon, was seized with a violent desire to possess himself of a certain plot of ground, on which to build the large and picturesque wooden mansion from which the story takes its title. Master Maule, the original possessor, obstinate and poor, refused all offers of money for his land; but being shortly afterwards accused, no one very well knew why, of the fashionable sin of witchcraft, the poor man is tried, condemned, and burnt; the property forfeited and sold; and the rich man's house erected without let or pause. But the shadow of a great crime has passed over the place. A bubbling spring, famous for the purity and freshness of its waters, turns salt and bitter, and the rich man himself--the great and powerful Colonel Pyncheon--is found dead in his own hall, stricken by some strange, sudden mysterious death, on the very day of his taking possession and when he had invited half the province to his house-warming. Both proprietors--the poor old wizard, and the wealthy Colonel--leave each one child; and during two succeeding centuries these races, always distinct and peculiar come at long intervals strangely across each other.

Nothing can exceed the skill with which this part of the book is managed. The story is not told; we find it

is created through the semi-legendary characters. The
as usual plays a prominent part.

In the story we are told that two centuries ago, a
certain knight and powerful lord, Lancelot, was raised

with a violent desire to possess himself of a certain
plot of ground, on which he built the tower and fortress

known as the tower of the story, taking the title. The
knight, the original possessor, of course, was poor, refused all

offers of money for his land; but being shortly afterwards
killed, he was well known, at the time, as the

of the knight, the poor and is killed, condemned, and burnt;
the property devolved on his son; and the son, who was a knight

erected himself as a knight. The son of a knight
knight was named over the place. A noble knight, Lancelot

for the part of the knight of the tower, Lancelot
and his son, and the knight himself--the knight and his son

of the knight--is found dead in his son's bed, and
by some means, and the knight's son, on the very day

of his father's death, and when he had lived with him
previous to his death--the knight's son--the knight

old knight, and the knight's son--the knight's son, and
and during the succeeding centuries these tales, always

of the knight and his son, and the knight's son, and
course each other.

Nothing can exceed the skill with which this part of
the book is written. The story is not told; we find it

out; we feel that there IS a legend; that some strange destiny has hovered over the old house, and hovers till. The slightness of the means by which this feeling is excited is wonderful. There is a vague, dim, vapory, impalpable ghostliness enveloping the narrative.

Two hundred years have passed. The Maules have disappeared; and the Pyncheons are reduced, by the mysterious death of the last proprietor, to a poor old maid in extreme poverty, with little left but this decaying mansion; a brother whom she is expecting home after a long imprisonment; also a mystery; a judge, flourishing and prosperous, in whom we at once recognize a true descendant of the wicked Colonel; and a little New England girl, a country cousin, whom Hawthorne describes so beautifully "as being as graceful as a bird, and graceful much in the same way; as pleasant about the house as a gleam of sunshine falling on the floor through a shadow of twinkling leaves, or as a ray of firelight that dances on the wall while evening is drawing nigh."

The narrative, nevertheless, stands as another tomb of dead hopes, like so many already constructed by this melancholy genius. Mr. Woodberry, in his biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne, gives an excellent analysis of the story which seems worth while quoting:

"This romance, is a succession of stories bound together to set forth the history of a family through

and we feel that there is a legend; that some strange
feeling has hovered over the old house, and hovers still.
The atmosphere of the house by which this feeling is
excited is wonderful. There is a vague, dim, vaporous
impenetrable something hovering over the narrative.

Two hundred years have passed. The houses have dis-
appeared; and the landscape has changed, by the mysterious
death of the last proprietor, to a past old world in
extreme poverty, at its little tale but this desolate mountain;
a brother who was in excommunicated here after a long imprison-
ment; also a mysterious judge, towering and mysterious,
in whom we find some resemblance to the character of the
wicked Gollum; and a little New England girl, a country
woman, who has become associated as beautiful by her being
of Gollum as a bird, and graceful and in the same way;
as pleasant about the house as a glass of something falling
on the floor through a narrow of twinkling leaves, or as
a ray of sunlight that comes in the wall while evening
is closing night.

The narrative, nevertheless, stands as another form
of good hope, like so many things connected by this
polymorphous genius. Mr. Woodbury, in his history of
Methuen, New Hampshire, gives an excellent analysis of the
story which seems worth while quoting:

"This romance, in a succession of stories heard
together to get for the history of a family through

generations under the aspect of an inherited curse which inheres in the house itself. The origin of the curse and of the plot lies in the founder of the family, Colonel Pyncheon, whose character, wrong-doing, and death make the first act; the second, which is no more than an illustrative episode and serves to fill out the history of the house itself, is the tale of Alice, the mesmerized victim of a later generation, in which the witchcraft element of the first story is half-rationalized; the third part, which those two lead up to and explain, is the body of the novel, and contains the working out of the curse and its dissipation in the marriage of the descendants of the Colonel and the old wizard Maule, from whose dying lips it had come. The curse itself, "God will give him blood to drink." is made physical by the fact that death comes to the successive heirs by apoplexy, an end which lends itself to an atmosphere of secrecy, mysteriousness and judgments; but the permanence of those traits which made the Colonel's character harsh and harmful, his ambition, will power, and cruelty, gives moral probability to the curse and secures its operation as a thing of nature." (Nathaniel Hawthorne pg. 209)

The deed apparently dies, but in Judge Pyncheon the full results are borne. That gross, sensual life, is the answer to the original sin--the reverberation that comes from Heaven's fate to assure man that acts which seem to

convention under the aspect of an inferior one which
is the more itself. The origin of the work and
of the plot lies in the hands of the family, Colonel
Tynan, whose character, wrong-doing, and death make
the first part of the novel, which is no more than a
descriptive episode and serves to fill out the history
of the house itself, is the tale of a life, the remembered
vision of a later generation, in which the characters
elements of the first story is half-remembered; the
third part, which takes two lead up to and explains, is
the body of the novel, and contains the working out of
the cause and the description in the marriage of the
descendants of the Colonel and the old friend, from
those things like it has come. The cause itself, "but
will give him blood to drink," is made physical by the
fact that death comes to the successive heirs by accident,
and which leads itself to an atmosphere of mystery,
speculations and judgments; but the purpose of these
things which make the Colonel's character harsh and
inward, his ambition, will power, and cruelty, gives
some probability to the work and secures its position
as a thing of nature." (Richardson, Hawthorne, p. 202)
The book apparently dies, but in Judge Tynan the
will remains the force. That gross, animal life, is the
answer to the original idea--the revelation that comes
from heaven's fate to assume that state which seem to

bear no consequence in their dark folds, yield, in the far-off time, their black and bitter fruit. Pyncheon's fearful death is that perceptible reckoning for former deeds which the eye of man is not always able to trace.

Hawthorne's fondness for the out-of-the-way, the grotesque, and the abnormal, is appeased a little by the introduction of Phoebe, of whom Uncle Venner said he "never knew a human creature do her work so much like one of God's angels as this child Phoebe does." She is a noble, moral type, as near the perfection of human nature, in her utter absence of selfishness, as it is possible to conceive. She found the one great happiness of her life in sacrificing herself for others as she herself admits in the conversation with Holgrave:

"Could I keep the feeling that now possesses me," Holgrave says, "the garden would every day be virgin soil---- and the house!----it would be like a bower in Eden, blossoming with the earliest roses that God ever made. Moonlight and the sentiment in man's heart responsive to it, are the greatest of renovators and reformers. And all other reforms and renovation I suppose, will prove to be no better than moonshine."

"I have been happier than I am now; at least, much gayer," said Phoebe, thoughtfully. "Yet I am sensible of a great charm in this brightening moonlight-----"

"And you never felt it before?" inquired the artist

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looking earnestly at the girl, through the twilight.

"Never," answered Phoebe; "and life does not look the same, now that I have felt it so. It seems as if I had looked at everything, hitherto, in broad daylight--" "Ah, poor me," she added, with a half-melancholy laugh. "I shall never be so merry as before I knew Cousin Hepzibah and poor Cousin Clifford. I have grown a great deal older, in this little time. Older, and I hope, wiser, and-----not exactly sadder----but, certainly, with no half so much lightness in my spirits! I have given them sunshine, and have been glad to give it; but of course, I cannot both give and keep it. They are welcome, notwithstanding."

In this dialogue, as well as in his rhetorical impeachment of the past, Holgrave is expressing Hawthorne's views regarding reform and democracy. "He appears to take the same view of reform"; says Woodberry, "that is sometimes found in respect to prayer; that it has great subjective advantages and is good for the soul, but is futile in the world of fact." (pg. 218)

It was well for Holgrave, Hawthorne say, to think as he did; this enthusiasm "would serve to keep his youth pure and make his aspirations high. And when, with the years settling down more weightily upon him, his early faith should be modified by inevitable experience, it would be with no harsh and sudden revolution of his sentiments. He would still have faith in man's brightening destiny, and perhaps

looking earnestly at the girl, through the twilight.

"Never," answered Elsie; "and life does not look

the same, now that I have told it so. It seems as if I

had looked at everything, hitherto, in broad daylight--

"Ah, poor me," she added, with a half-melancholy laugh.

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no harsh and sudden revelation of his contradictions. He would

still have faith in man's brightening destiny, and perhaps

love him all the better as he should recognize his helplessness in his own behalf; and the haughty faith, with which he began life, would be well bartered for a far humbler one, at its close, in discerning that man's best directed effort accomplishes a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities."

Certain traces of Hawthorne's misanthropy are found in "The House of the Seven Gables" as in his later novels. It is very evident that Hawthorne had not much respect for impulses but had a terrible perception of spiritual laws. His spiritual insight did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy, and his deepest glimpses of truth were calculated rather to sadden than to inspire. We also discern that fatal and pessimistic trait in "The House of the Seven Gables" in the hard conclusion that there was no remedy for the harm that had been done in the long past. The curse was done with now, it is true, by the marriage of Phoebe and Holgrave, but for Clifford and Hepzibah, there were no amends for the lives the dead Judge had ruined by the aid of an imperfect and blundering law. Evil had apparently triumphed and made them innocent victims, and for this there was no compensation. The morality, dreadful as fate, of the irremediableness of the consequence of sin which hung like a black cloud over the personages in "The Scarlet Letter", is exhibited with a little more relief here; but we have the other half of the truth, as Hawthorne saw it,--the irremediableness of the injury done

love him all the better as he should recognize his value
to himself in his own right; and the capacity for it, which
which he loves life, would be well suited for a man
perhaps one, at the same time, in discharging that man's
best directed effort accomplished a kind of dream, while
God is the cause of our existence.

Corbin traces the history of the philosophy of the
in "The House of the Seven Gables" as in his later novels.
It is very evident that Hawthorne had not much respect for
ignorance but had a certain perception of spiritual laws.
His spiritual insight did not penetrate to the essence of
spiritual law, and his deepest glimpse of truth was
unrelated to the spiritual. He also
discovered that there was something in the House of
the Seven Gables, in the very construction that there was
no room for the fact that had been done in the long past.
The entire was done with care, as it were, in the manner
of those who believed, but the spiritual was lacking.
There were no answers for the living the dead, though had
believed by the aid of an imperfect and misleading law.
This was apparently attempted to be made than impossible.
Vision, and the fact that there was no compensation. The material,
discovered as time, at the irreconcilability of the consequences
of which were like a black cloud over the landscape
in "The Blithedale", is exhibited with a little more
reality than; but we have the other half of the truth, as
Hawthorne saw it,--the irreconcilability of the injury done

to others. Oppression makes oppression; persecution propagates persecution so that there is no end to evil once it is engendered. The stern theory of the author regarding the hereditary transmission of family traits, and the visiting of the sins of the fathers on the innocent heads of their children, almost wins our reluctant assent through the pertinacity with which the generation of the Pyncheon race are made not merely to live in the blood and brain of their descendants, but to cling to their old abiding-place on earth, so that to inhabit the house is to breathe the Pyncheon soul and assimilate the Pyncheon individuality.

The moral element always is well in the background and is overlaid with romantic and legendary features. The reality and naivete with which Hawthorne describes the singularly trivial and barren life of the old house is very effective. His seeming reluctance to disclose what Miss Hepzibah was about to do, gives him an excuse, as it were to dwell on details regarding the little shop. In this following description Hawthorne displays his marvelous art of making the most commonplace things interesting:

"It has already been observed," he says, "that in the basement story of the gable fronting on the street, an unworthy ancestor nearly a century ago had fitted up a shop. Ever since the old gentleman retired from trade, and fell asleep under his coffin-lid, not only the shop door, but the inner arrangements, had been suffered to remain unchanged; while the dust of ages gathered inch-deep over the shelves

and counter, and partly filled an old pair of scales, as if it were of value enough to be weighed. It remeasured itself up too, in the half-open till, where there still lingered a base sixpence, worth neither more nor less than the hereditary pride which had here been put to shame. Such had been the state and the condition of the little shop in old Hepzibah's childhood; when she and her brother used to play at hide-and-seek in its forsaken precincts. So it had remained until within a few days past."

Hatefulness in the main story, therefore, is not the principal theme; and the novel pleases and succeeds, not by its implied moral, but by its humble realism, and delicate character drawing; and that ancestral power which makes it the story of a house long lived in.

In The Marble Faun a mystery is set before us to unriddle, and at the end the author turns round and asks what is the good of solving it. A sense of the mystery of life is more important at any rate to the artist than any explanation. In Mr. Hutton's judgment this, the last novel to be published in Hawthorne's lifetime, "is the most characteristic instance of Hawthorne's power in studying combinations of emotions that are as it were at once abhorrent to nature, and true to life." (Essays vol. II pg. 424) Therein is contained, perhaps, the final philosophy at which this literary genius arrived.

and account, and partly filled in the gaps of history,
as it were of value enough to be retained. It reassured
itself up too, in the half-open till, where there still
lingered a page blank, but it neither was nor less than
the history of a life which had been put to rest.
And had seen the scene and the condition of the life
that in old England's childhood, when she was
brother used to play at hide-and-seek in the garden
ground. So it had remained until within a few days
past."

History in the main story, therefore, is not the
principal theme; and the novel phases and passages, not
by the implied story, but by the people's feelings, and
delicate character drawing, and that occasional power which
comes to the story of a human life in.

In The Middlemarch a mystery is set before us to
unriddle, and at the end the author seems to say that
what is the good of solving it. A sense of the futility of
life is more important at any rate to the artist than
any explanation. In Mr. Norton's judgment this, the last
novel to be published in Hawthorne's lifetime, "is the
most characteristic instance of Hawthorne's power in
creating a world of speculation that are in fact
at once apparent to nature, and to the life." (Hawthorne
Vol. II, p. 44) There is no doubt, perhaps, the
final philosophy at which this literary genius arrived.

But conclusions with him are so involved in imagination, that we can hardly distinguish between the materials for his art and his own vision of things.

Though laid in a foreign city, it is peculiarly the product of that side of the Puritan nature which contemplates life's influence upon the soul. The Puritan conscience as we have said so often, and the sense of sin were the two forces which most impressed Hawthorne. Over their reaction upon human impulses his imagination brooded. But this stern and narrow field was not the only one which he meditated. In "The Marble Faun" we find the unique combination of Puritan intelligence and artistic imagination presenting us for once with Hawthorne's picture of the religious instinct.

The background is Rome. For subject, there is a past crime or wrong wherein Miriam is implicated: this secret is left unexplained as Hester first love for Dimmesdale is unportrayed. There is an outward symbol, around which the story circles,--- the statue of the Faun. There is a crime committed within the limits of the story, and its results, in the souls of the guilty and the innocent alike, are the central theme; especially here, is sin studied in its power to stain life, to rob it of innocence. Donatello and Hilda, in different ways--almost in different worlds--are ignorant of sin,

In "The Scarlet Letter", Pearl is profoundly imagined.

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that we can hardly distinguish between the material and the
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upon Hawthorne himself his imagination brooded. But this
again and again itself was not the only one which he
meditated. In "The Scarlet Letter" we find the widest con-
sideration of Eastern influences and artistic imagination
resembling as they once with Hawthorne's picture of the
religious instinct.

The background is here. For subject, there is a great
vision of what Hawthorne himself is trying to do. This secret
is partly explained as Hawthorne first says for himself in
the preface. There is an outward symbol, around which the
story is told. The plot of the story. There is a crime
committed within the limits of the story, and the reader
is the judge of the guilt and the innocent alike, and the
central theme; especially here, it is stated in the
power to state this, to rob it of its immensity. Hawthorne and
Hawthorne, in different ways--almost in different worlds--are
important of the
In "The Scarlet Letter", Hawthorne is profoundly inspired.

She is life itself, and offers, in mysterious and indirect ways, the perpetual criticism of the spirit upon the letter of the law. The same instinct created Donatello, that Pagan who bore something more subtle than any resemblance to the Faun of Praxiteles. Unlike Pearl; however, Donatello is drawn into the mesh of society. He becomes less natural, more human; setting the loss beside the gain we ask ourselves which is the greater. Upon the innocent Hilda also, the crime falls as a great experience, if not an ennobling one. But the influence of the murder is shown most in the shadow it lays over the joy of youth. Contemplating the result in him, her fellow victim (for Miriam and Donatello cannot be regarded as criminals in any but the most restricted sense) inquires:

"Was the crime---in which he and I were wedded---was it a blessing, in that strange disguise? Was it a means of education bringing a simple and imperfect nature to a point of feeling and intelligence which it could have reached under no other discipline?"

"I dare not follow you into the unfathomable abysses whither you are tending."

"Yet there is a pleasure in them! I delight to brood on a verge of this great mystery," returned she. "The story of the fall of man! Is it not repeated in our romance of Monte Beni? And all his race,--was it the destined means by which, over a long pathway of toil and sorrow, we are to attain a higher, brighter,

the in life itself, and others, in spiritual and intellectual
ways, the personal origin of the spirit upon the latter
of the law. The same in that spiritual, that is, in
who have something more subtle than any resemblance to the
form of material. While form, however, material is
drawn into the mind of society. He passes from nature,
more human, seeing the form beside the gain we are
and we are in the greater. Upon the abundant hills, also,
the other falls as a great experience, it is not an unending
one. But the influence of the matter is what is in the
mind of the law over the law of nature. In comparing the
results in life, for fellow spirit (for matter and material)
cannot be regarded as spiritual in any but the most restricted
sense (material).

"Was the other--in which he and I were wedded--was
it a blessing, in that strange manner? Was it a means
of education bringing a single and important return to a
point of feeling and intelligence which it could have
reached under no other discipline?"
"I have not followed you into the unobtainable aspect
whether you are landing."
"Yet there is a question in which I delight in
proof of a verge of this great mystery," returned she.
"The story of the fall of man! Is it not repeated in
our records of human history and all the rest--was
it the best of means by which, even a long history
of fall and error, we are to attain a higher, better

and profounder happiness, than our lost birthright gave? Will not this idea account for the permitted existence of sin, as no other theory can?" "It is too dangerous, Miriam! I cannot follow you!" repeated the sculptor. "Mortal man has no right to tread on the ground where you now set your feet."

"Ask Hilda what she thinks of it," said Miriam, with a thoughtful smile. "At least, she might conclude that sin which man chose instead of good---has been so beneficently handled by omniscience and omnipotence, that whereas our dark enemy sought to destroy us by it, it has really become an instrument most effective in the education of intellect and soul."

In Donatello, the impulsive crime develops his nature, so that paradoxical as it seems, through it he becomes humanized, a living soul; but Hawthorne rather reluctantly suggests that evil serves a good purpose in this, and indeed he may almost be said to reject this explanation. Judging from the text Donatello becomes "a sadder and wiser man."

"Miriam!" said Donatello.

"Though but a single word, and the first that he had spoken its tone was a warrant of the sad and tender depth from which it came---That tone, too, bespoke and altered and deepend character; it told of a vivified intellect, and of spiritual instruction that had come from sorrow and remorse." Here it is remorse, not sin,

and yesterday morning. When our last birthday party
will not this idea seems for the parties of the
of the, as no other party can. "It is the same
birthday. I cannot tell you," repeated the mother.
"What can be so right? to live on the ground where
you now rest your feet."

"This idea was the result of it," said Maria, with
a thoughtful smile. "At least, the night coming that
the which was chosen instead of good--the fact is
ventilating handled by conditions and conditions,
that showed our first energy enough to destroy us by it.
It has really become an instrument of destruction in
the education of intellect and soul."

In Donatello, the intuitive crisis revealed his nature,
as that revelation as it came, showed it to become
Donatello, a living soul; but Donatello's nature relatively
suggests that will follow a good path in this, and
labeled he was almost as hard to reject this explanation.
Looking back the text Donatello becomes "a reader and
viewer man."

"Maria!" said Donatello.
"Though this is a great word, and the first that is
and spoken in this was a warning of the end and center
depth from which it came--that is, the, perhaps and
altered and deeper character; it told of a vitality
intellect, and of spiritual instruction that had come
from beyond and beyond. Here it is, however, not all."

Miriam tells us which has awakened and developed in the "Faun a thousand moral and intellectual faculties unknown till then."

In his chapter on Hawthorne, Michaud refers to the numerous passages in which Hawthorne sustains the necessity of evil and consequently of crime; how the Rev. Dimmesdale's remorse was "exquisite" as well as horrible. Donatello must commit a crime before Miriam will love him and utter that stupendous cry, "How beautiful he is!" "These," says Mr. Michaud, "are some of the moral paradoxes of the 'Puritan' Hawthorne". Later on, however, in the conversation we learn the effect on Donatello of eating the forbidden fruit.

"Forgive, Miriam, the coldness, the hardness for which I parted from you! I was bewildered with strange horror and gloom." "Alas! and it was I that brought it on you," said she, "What repentance, what self-sacrifice, can atone for that infinite wrong----it was my doom, mine, to bring him within the limits of sinful, sorrowful mortality!"

Thus, although the author shows that remorse developed in Donatello, "a more definite and nobler individuality," he also reminds us that "sometimes the instruction comes without the sorrow, and oftener the sorrow teaches no lesson that abides with us."

"It is noticeable" says Mr. Woodberry, "that as in 'The Scarlet Letter', there is no question of how this soul that has come into a miserable consciousness of

Written tells us which has advanced and developed in the
"From a spiritual and intellectual knowledge
known all this."

In his chapter on "The Future", Woodberry refers to the
numerous passages in which the Bible contains the necessity
of evil and consequently of crime; how the Rev. Woodberry's
reference was "exaggerated" as well as "partial". Woodberry
does not seem to have noticed that the Bible will love him and utter
that exhortation only, "that he should be like 'Thee'."
Says Mr. Woodberry, "The Bible is a book of instruction of
the 'Thee' of the future." "Thee" is, however, in the con-
texture we learn the effect on Woodberry of calling the
"Thee" of the future.

"Thee", Mr. Woodberry, the author, the father of
which I quote from you! I am convinced with strange
perversity and gloom, "Thee" and it was I that brought
it on you," said she, "that responded, that said, 'Thee',
and came for that infinite wrong---it was of God, mine,
to bring him within the limits of sin, to reveal his
truth, although the author shows that reason developed
in Woodberry, "a new rational and higher individuality."
He also remarks as that "contained the instruction comes
without the sorrow, and often the sorrow teaches us
to know that which will be."

"It is not possible," says Mr. Woodberry, "that as in
the 'Thee' of the future, there is no question of how this
and that has come into a miserable consciousness of

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sin is to be healed; and it is also remarkable that the only consolation the Church can give is vouchsafed by Hawthorne to the heretic Hilda, but not to the child of his own bosom." (Nathaniel Hawthorne pg. 273)

Hilda, the young American girl, who is an exquisite copyist of the old masters, is evidently the Puritan ideal of woman-hood; a Puritan Saint; a type previously foreshadowed in the practical Phoebe of "The House of the Seven Gables." Hilda's peculiar talent, "it will be remembered," says Mr. Brownell, "consisted in a faculty of copying the masterpieces of art with such penetration as to bring out beauties in them unsuspected by the masters themselves. It is needless to add that this power was accompanied by a complete inaptitude for original work". (American Prose Masters pg. 111)

This faculty of hers, so delicately portrayed, seems to be symbolical of her character. Her pictures were however, perfect copies. She was a copy herself; her sanctity being a reflection of an imperfectly conceived ideal rather than its incarnation. For as a saint she woefully fails. Her refusal to take the hand of Miriam, her friend, after having been the witness of the latter's desperate remedy against her persecutor, is more odious to us than the act from which she shrinks. Her sanctity was so fragile as to be soiled by an contact with the world! She was no friend of publicans and sinners. She was but a hot-house plant that had no

and as to be honest; and as to the character of the
only consolation the Church can give is provided by
Hawthorne to the heroic child, but not to the child of
his own blood." (Mabel's Mother, p. 173)
Mabel, the young American girl, who is an English
daughter of the old master, is evidently the person
of whom we hear; a English girl, a type previously
introduced in the previous volume of the series of the
Seven Years' War. Mabel's mother, it will be
remembered, says Mr. Mowbray, "connected in a family
of English the antiquarian of art with each generation
as to bring out Mabel in them manifested by the
master himself. It is needless to add that this power
was accompanied by a complete mastery of the English
style." (Mabel's Mother, p. 173)
This history of Mabel, an English girl, seems
to be a typical of her character. Her father was
however, a great artist. She was a copy herself, her
motherly being a reflection of an English conception
ideal rather than the American. Not as a saint
she would be. Her father to take the hand of
Mabel, her friend, after having seen the signs of
the father's daughter's ready against her husband.
is more often to be than the first time which she thinks
that reality was so true as to be called by an artist
with the world. She was no friend of politicians and
others. She was not a hot-blooded girl that had no

native vitality or resistance. The secret of which she was the accidental possessor weighs upon her as heavily as the crime upon the poor luckless Miriam and Donatello, who under great provocation and in an agonized moment perpetrated it.

Though a lover of pictures, she grows weary of the art galleries which she visited in an unreceptive mood. Hilda grew "sadly critical, and condemned almost everything that she was wont to admire." In this mood she is drawn to different churches and at last to St. Peter's. In the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters, Hawthorne gives an astonishingly interesting description of the 'world's cathedral' and also of Catholicism. There are two sentences which combine to show Hawthorne's appreciation of a religion not his own, and the lack of resources which he found in the Puritan faith.

"To do justice" he remarks, "Catholicism is such a miracle of fitness for its own ends, many of which might seem to be admirable ones, that it is difficult to imagine it a contrivance of mere man."

Hilda went to St. Peter's not, this time as an artistic pilgrim, but to observe "how closely and comfortingly the Papish faith applied itself to all human occasions," and to reflect that multitudes would find no advantage in her own "formless mode of worship." At last she came to the south transept, with its number of confessionals, and

active vitality or resistance. The power of which
she was the spiritual power was not an
heavily as the other upon the four last lines
and Bonarville, who was great power and in an
agitated mood suggested it.
Through a list of pictures, the great work of the art
gallery which she visited in an unproductive mood.
While the "early original" and remained almost every-
thing that she was not to achieve." In this mood
she is drawn to different churches and at last to St.
John's. In the early church and thirty-third church,
Bonarville gives an astonishingly interesting description
of the "early cathedral" and also of the cathedral. There
are two sentences which combine to show Bonarville's regret-
ation of a religion that has not, and the lack of resources
which he found in the English faith.
"To do justice" he remarks, "Catholicism is such
a miracle of things for its own sake, any of which might
seem to be possible ones, that it is difficult to imagine
it a contrivance of man's own."
While with St. John's not, this time an an artistic
vision, but to observe "how slowly and consistently she
beginning and applied itself to all human conditions" and
to reflect that whatever would find no advantage in her
own "lovable mode of worship." At last she came to the
north transept, with its number of confessionals, and

exclaims, notwithstanding the integrity of her Puritanism, "Can the faith in which I was born and bred be perfect, if it leaves a weak girl like me to wander, desolate, with this great trouble crushing me down? Obeying an irresistible impulse, Hilda entered the confessional, knelt down and poured out the story of the murder which she had witnessed, withholding only the names. Here again, we find Hawthorne emphasizing the efficacy of confession, of the relief of unloading oneself of the burden of a secret. At her conclusion, he tells us her face had "the wonderful beauty which we may often observe in those who have recently gone through a great struggle and won the peace that lies just on the other side. We see it in a new mother's face; we see it in the face of the dead!" Such, is Hawthorne's insight into the human soul of this daughter of the Puritans; such also, is his response to the appeal of the ordinance of a faith which neither he nor his heroine shared and herein, a Catholic discovers an unexpected understanding in a hostile quarter, of the blessing peculiar to the Church.

The truth is that after all, in the ethical sphere of the story, Hawthorne has give no more than his meditations, very much at random upon sin as it appears in the world of nature, and the way in which his chosen characters react under its influence.

Hilda is as innocent as Donatello, but her soul frees

enough, notwithstanding the intensity of her intention,

"Then the truth is what I saw him and tried to restore."

It is better a weak girl like me to wonder, however, what

the great trouble is coming to you? Giving an illustration

in the, I think, of the conventional, small town and

pointed out the story of the other which was not without

withholding only the name. Here again, as the Hawthorne

symbolizing the efficacy of confession, of the truth of

withholding oneself of the woman of a secret. At her

conclusion, he tells us her face had "the wonderful beauty

which we may often observe in those who have recently gone

through a great struggle and seen the power that lies just

on the other side. He sees it in a new mother's face; we

see it in the face of the dead! "What," he Hawthorne's

insight into the human soul of this journey of the

journey; and also, in his response to the appeal of the

ordinance of a faith which neither he nor his people

shared and better, a Catholic discipline as understood in

dwelling in a lonely chamber, of the living presence

to the Church.

The truth is that after all, in the ethical sphere of

the story, Hawthorne has given us more than his religious

very much as things upon which it appears in the world of

nature, and the way in which his chosen characters react

under its influence.

While it is important as Donatello, but not less from

itself from the contact; and Miriam is as guilty, yet she alone is unaffected by the crime in her essential nature so far as appears.

Mr. Smith considers that, the "real gist of the story lies in the revelation of the reflex action of one human heart upon another, and in the FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI of the spirit, when it has once commenced a certain career. Is it Fate, or it not, then what is it? which seems from the very commencement of the narrative to be welding adamantine chains with which to interlock Donatello and Miriam? No more pathetic story could well be conceived, and no plainer moral indicated than we find here. (Poets and Novelists pg. 198 ff) He then quotes from "The Marble Faun" to illustrate his theory. Kenyon addresses Miriam as follows:

"On his behalf, you have incurred a responsibility which you cannot fling aside"; and turning to Donatello, he added:

"The mysterious process by which our earthly life instructs us for another state of being, was begun for you by her. She has rich gifts of heart and mind, a suggestive power, a magnetic influence, a sympathetic knowledge, which wisely and religiously exercised, are what your condition needs. The bond betwixt you, therefore, is a true one, and never---except by Heaven's own act--should be rent asunder!"

These words were prophetic, for the speaker was

unconscious of the dark secret which had knit together indissolubly those whom he was addressing. This inter-dependence of humanity, then brought about by destiny, is, according to Mr. Smith, the moral that is clearly taught by the novel. And here again we find another evidence of Hawthorne's leaning toward fatalism: Again and again throughout the romance we meet the old Greek idea, "Yet let us trust" says Hawthorne. There may have been no crime in Miriam, but only one of those fatalities which are among the most insoluble riddles propounded to mortal comprehension; the fatal decree by which every crime is made to be the agony of many innocent persons, as well as of the single guilty one.

The same chapter gives "due warning" of a "certain inevitable catastrophe." The Model, addressing Miriam says: "It is not your fate to die while there remains so much to be sinned and suffered in the world. We have a destiny which we must needs fulfil together"-----

"Our fates cross and are entangled---We must submit!---were we to part now, our fates would fling us together again in a desert."

And later on in another passage Miriam shows that in her trouble she has been driven to accept Fatalism. She reflects: "As these busts in the block of marble so does our individual fate exist in the limestone of time. We fancy that we carve it out; but its ultimate shape is prior to all our action."

announcement of the fact that the first of the
industrial revolution was in progress. This fact
was of course, then brought about by the
invention of the steam engine, the first of the
by the way. And this again was the first evidence
of the fact that the world was changing. Again and again
throughout the centuries we find the same thing. "For
let us turn" says the author. "There may have been no
change in the world, but only one of those revolutions which
are among the most important in the history of the world."
The fact is that the world is changing by the way of
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the fact that the world is changing by the way of

The same chapter gives some account of the
industrial revolution. The world, according to the
author: "It is not your task to find the world
to which to be added and subtracted in the world. We have
a history which we must needs follow together."
"Our history must be the same as the history of the world."
The world is the same, our history is the same, our
again in a moment.

And again on in another passage the author shows that in
the world the fact has been given to the world. The
author: "All these things in the world of which we have
our individual life exist in the history of the world."
They that we serve it out; but the world is
not to be left.

Man may fancy that he carves his own future out of the marble but its ultimate shape was already known before any action on his part. But this gloomy view of man Hawthorne counteracts by drawing Hilda's character which is to be moulded by other influences and to be developed under the sway of other principles; and in which we have at once the contrast and the counterpart of Miriam.

It is very interesting to observe how Hawthorne has imagined two women of natures so widely opposed as Hilda and Miriam under a similar presence of questionable blood-guiltiness. With Miriam, it is guilt which has for excuse the unnatural depravity of her pursuer. "But," remarks Lathrop, "as if to emphasize the indelbleness of blood-stains, however, justly inflicted, we have as a foil to Miriam the white sensitiveness of Hilda's conscience, which makes her---though perfectly free from even the indirect responsibility of Miriam ---believe herself actually infected. In both cases, it is the shadow of crime which weighs upon the soul." (A Study of Hawthorne pg.258)

The Romance is an allegory---"a symbol of the human soul." The thought running throughout the book is the freedom of the soul to choose the good amid the evil. But avenues of thought are open to us on every side, which we are at liberty to follow out. The following interpretations have been given by Mr. T. G. Alford; 1. All characters represent society; the model, those who do evil from choice; Donatello and Miriam, those who do evil through temptation;

...and may be very far from the truth. ...
...the world has its limits, and we are already known before
...any action on his part. But this is a very old view of man
...Hawthorne's conception of the world is a character which
...is to be moulded by other influences and to be developed
...under the sway of other principles, and in which we have
...at once the goodness and the evil of the world.
...It is very interesting to observe how Hawthorne has
...imagined the world of nature as widely opposed to the
...and which under a similar treatment of the world
...blood-pollution. With Hawthorne, it is evil which has the
...world. The world is a very old world, but
...Hawthorne's world, as it is, is a world of the world
...of blood-pollution, but it is a world of the world
...as a world of the world, the world of the world
...conscience, which makes it a world of the world
...the world of the world of the world of the world
...actually involved. In the world, it is the world of
...which which which upon the world. (A story of Hawthorne's world)
...The world is an allegory---a symbol of the world
...world. The world is a world of the world of the world
...crossed of the world to make the world and the world.
...the world of the world are open to us on every side, which
...we are at liberty to follow out. The following is a
...from Hawthorne's world of the world of the world of the world
...represent to the world, those who do evil and those who
...Hawthorne and Hawthorne, those who do evil and those who

Hilda; those who are innocent, but suffer on account of the sins of others, and Kenyon the noblest manhood. 2. The whole represents an individual; Donatello is body, the Model is propensity for evil, Miriam is soul, Kenyon is reason and Hilda is conscience. (Chapter Outlines and Study Suggestions)

"In all," writes Mr. Lathrop, "we find our way to some mystick monument of eternal law, or pluck garlands from some pause on the threshold; unused to such large liberty; and these cry out in the words of a well-known critic; "It begins in mystery, and ends in mist."

I think this sums up very beautifully and truly the interpretation of "The Marble Faun." But whether it is the tinge of melodrama inseparable, perhaps, from the borderland of good and evil on which Hawthorne delighted to brood, or merely that the Puritan standard of judgment, in which evil was made a dreadful preoccupation, in ourselves, I do not know, but it is certain that the mysterious sin which shadows most of his characters ceases to be wholly convincing the moment its secret is revealed; and we learn to expect disappointment at the revelation. Hawthorne could suggest everything, and the suggestion was to himself more than the reality. Miriam's secret is the more effective for being only half explained, and the 'Conclusion' which he added reluctantly to "The Marble Faun" seems to emphasize the unsatisfactory solution of the story. Of this Hawthorne was himself aware. Hence he always lingered on the border-

land of mystery and defined as little as he could. The fine thing in Hawthorne, as Henry James remarked, was his interest in the deeper psychology; and this explains why "The Marble Faun" appeals not only to the critical and to the general reader, but also to the consciousness of particular groups.

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IV

CONCLUSION

In this rapid glance at some of the works of Hawthorne, we have not, of course, been able to do justice to the genius of the author. The moral element is the phase we have tried to emphasize. And in this strong moral quality, Hawthorne is in accord with practically all his American predecessors, and with the general moral earnestness of English literature. His constant purpose was to show the austere beauty of the moral law, and at times he impresses us as one of the few writers who combine successfully a strong moral purpose with a strong artistic sense. In intellect and imagination, in the faculty of discerning spirituality and detecting laws, we doubt if any novelist is his equal; but his genius, in its creative action, has been attracted to the dark rather than to the bright side of the interior life of humanity and the geniality which evidently was in him has rarely found adequate expression. His artistic conscience, however, as alert as that of any pagan, impelled him constantly to realize in his work those forms which should most beautifully embody the ideals of his incessantly creative imagination. Thus he grew to be of all American writers the least imitative as well as the most

surely individual. And indeed Hawthorne surpassed all of them in the genuineness of his artistic impulse; he surpassed them, too, in the tormenting insistence of his artistic conscience. Throughout his work, he is most characteristic when in endlessly varied form he expresses that constant, haunting sense of ancestral sin in which his Puritan forefathers found endless warrant for their Calvinistic doctrines. Hawthorne, however, did not believe as his ancestors did in persecuting for any trivial cause; he saw more clearly than they did that wrong-doing and falseness of all kinds infallibly carry their own punishment with them---a punishment which is far more terrible than any form of physical pain could possibly be. Yet, he is strong in his sense of justice, sometimes even to the point of cruelty. Like the Puritans, he, too, can punish severely, although he uniformly takes care that Providence and the inner nature shall combine to effect the punishment. But with him punishment is purification. He can, therefore, sometimes deal out very hard measures even to those whom he seems to like; for this is the form in which the idea of atonement figures itself in his mind. Neither does he favor any 'poetic justice'; poor Hebzibah Pyncheon, unloved yet most worthy to be loved, in her extreme sensitiveness to be the scorn of her customers, suffers for some of the sins of her scheming ancestors; and Zenobia, in 'Blithedale Romance' so strong and self-sufficing, must go down at last, as if under a dark wave of Fate. And in the "Scarlet Letter", according to Mr. Tuckerman, "The want of soul, the absence

of sweet humanity, the predominance of judgment over mercy, the tyranny of public opinion, the lack of genuine charity, the asceticism of the Puritan theology,---the absence of all recognition of natural laws and the fanatic substitution of the letter for the spirit---which darken and harden the spirit of the pilgrims to the soul of a poet---are shadowed forth with a keen, stern, and eloquent, yet indirect emphasis that haunts us like 'the cry of the human heart'-----

"It is as if we were baptized into the consciousness of Puritan life---and knew, by experience, all its frigidity, its gloom, its intellectual enthusiasm, and its religious aspiration."

Nevertheless, Richardson says, "Hawthorne's soul was a wholesome one, and it was a soul not content with superficiality, whether of the good or of the bad things in life. As an author, his sunshine was brighter and his shadows darker than those of most novelists, for they were the sunshine and shadow of real life and not of a pallid or Utopian picture. " (American Literature pg. 344)

And yet a mild melancholy sometimes deepening into gloom, and sometimes brightening into a "humorous sadness" characterized his early creations. To use again his own words "chiefly accustomed to look inward, and to whom external matters are of little value or import, unless they bear relation to something within his own mind." But that "something within his own mind" was often an unpleasant something,--perhaps a ghastly occult perception of a defor-

mity and sin in 'what appeared outwardly fair and good.' He was permeated with a sense of the austerities of life and sin; and by pondering over them he tended to exaggerate them more and more.

But Hawthorne is not the only one to whom the existence of evil has been a stumbling block. There are many who seem not to be able to understand how inevitable such a condition is in a world of limitations and finite beings. It is not astonishing therefore, that this mystery together with the old Greek idea of Fate, under form of a Nemesis, not to be propitiated or averted, became a leading principle in Hawthorne's eithics.

Emerson formulates it thus: "The specific stripes may follow late upon the offence; but they follow, because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. We cannot do wrong without suffering wrong." Mr. Brownell also remarks: incidentally: "He had the good sense, the lack of enthusiasm, the disillusioned pessimism of the man of the world." (Ibid:107) And after reading so many of Hawthorne's works we feel that this criticism delineates Hawthorne truly. Though normally a Unitarian, Hawthorne did not share Channings's faith in the perfectibility of man. Indeed the moral idea at the root of many of his works is the futility of the search for human perfection. The buried voice of God that the transcendentalist professed to have discovered in instinct he greatly distrusted. Man seemed to him quite as likely to turn out

to be a child of the devil as the first born of God. Doubting the indwelling presence of the divine Over-Soul, he could find no justification for the transcendental faith in the excellence of the universe out of which came the genial optimism of the Emersonians. So, while Concord thinkers were proclaiming man to be the indubitable child of God, Hawthorne was critically examining the question of evil as it appeared in the light of his own experience. This was the central fascinating problem of his intellectual life and in pursuit of its solution he probed curiously into the hidden furtive recesses of the soul. And at every stage in his literary activity, an unfaltering persuasion of the sagacity and competence of those moral intimations which take their rise in the conscience asserts itself. Hawthorne does not set himself to explore the genesis of these moral instincts, but accepts the fact that conduct never lacks an authoritative law to mould it and that there can be no peace if the shadow of wilful sin comes between the soul and God.

Mr. Whipple in his "Outlooks" (pg. 317) maintains that, in a peculiar and restricted domain of imagination the great American novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has fairly outmatched all his English brethren. He is the Jonathan Edwards of the imaginative representation of life, as Thackeray is its Hume. He teaches with vivid distinctness the doctrine of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." Scott once said that

to be a child of the devil as the first part of his
book the indwelling presence of the divine spirit,
he could find no better reason for the extraordinary
truth in the experience of the universe out of which came
the central position of the human soul, so, while
concerned with these were problems that he the indwelling
spirit of God, it was not an entirely satisfying
The question of evil as it appeared in the light of his
own experience. This was a central dominating problem
of his intellectual life and in pursuit of the solution
he passed continually into the hidden world of the unconscious
of the soul. And at every stage in his history
actively, an unrelenting pursuit of the mystery and
complexities of those dark intuitions which take their
place in the consciousness as the light. He was not
not but himself to explore the depths of these dark
intuitions, but sought the first that contact never failed
an intuitive law to which he and that there can be
no reason in the shadow of which the laws between the
soul and God.

Mr. White in his "Confessions" (pp. 127) mentions that
in a peculiar and restricted sense of intuition the great
mystical novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has deeply contemplated
all his English readers. He is the Jewish mystic of
the imaginative representation of life, and Hawthorne is its
form. He teaches with vivid clarity the doctrine
of "the unexplained mystery of life." Hawthorne once said that

there were depths in human nature which it was unhealthy to attempt to sound; and it is in attempting to sound these that Hawthorne has exhibited his most marvelous gifts of insight and characterization. In the subtlety and accuracy, the penetration and sureness of his glance into the morbid phenomena of the human soul; in exhibiting the operation of the most delicate laws of attraction and repulsion which human natures can experience; in the capacity to terrify his readers with the consciousness of their latent possibilities for evil, so that they shrink from his pitiless exposures "like guilty things surprised," he makes novelists like Thackeray and Dickens appear relatively superficial; but, as Scott had foretold, the representation is too ghostly and ghastly to give that degree of artistic pleasure which is the condition of a novelist's complete success with the public."

Henry James is convinced that the work of Hawthorne will remain; "it is too original and exquisite to pass away; among men of imagination he will always have his niche. No one has had just that vision of life; and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision. He was not a moralist, and he was not simply a poet. The moralists are weightier, denser, richer in a sense; the poets are more purely inconclusive and irresponsible. He combined in singular degree the spontaneity of the imagination with a haunting care for

moral problems and Man's conscience was his theme. (Hawthorne pg. 183)

Thus predisposed by heredity, by environment and by condition to work what he conceived to be his own peculiar vein, he burrowed, to use his own phrase to the utmost of his ability for the phases of psychological romance; but it was essential to him that, before casting any thought into artistic form, he should receive from real life at least the handle of his symbol. Very little often sufficed him for this, but it was a necessity for him to be in any degree effective. Hawthorne, however, seems always more concerned for the moral than for the story. Thus he writes in his notebook concerning the search for buried treasure: "On this theme methinks I could frame a tale with a deep moral." Most writers would frame the tale to be true to life, and let the moral take care of itself. But Hawthorne at times makes his moral → too prominent and thus detracts from the artistic effect of his work. We cannot deny notwithstanding Hawthorne had the soul and outlook of the poet. In his story "The Great Stone Face" he says "The world assured another and a better aspect from the hour the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it."

According to this definition, which the writer of course, had no thought of applying to himself, Hawthorne did bless the world with happy eyes to a certain extent, and did interpret and complete creation.

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REMARKS

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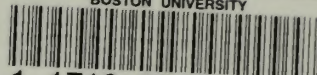
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